W. B Smith

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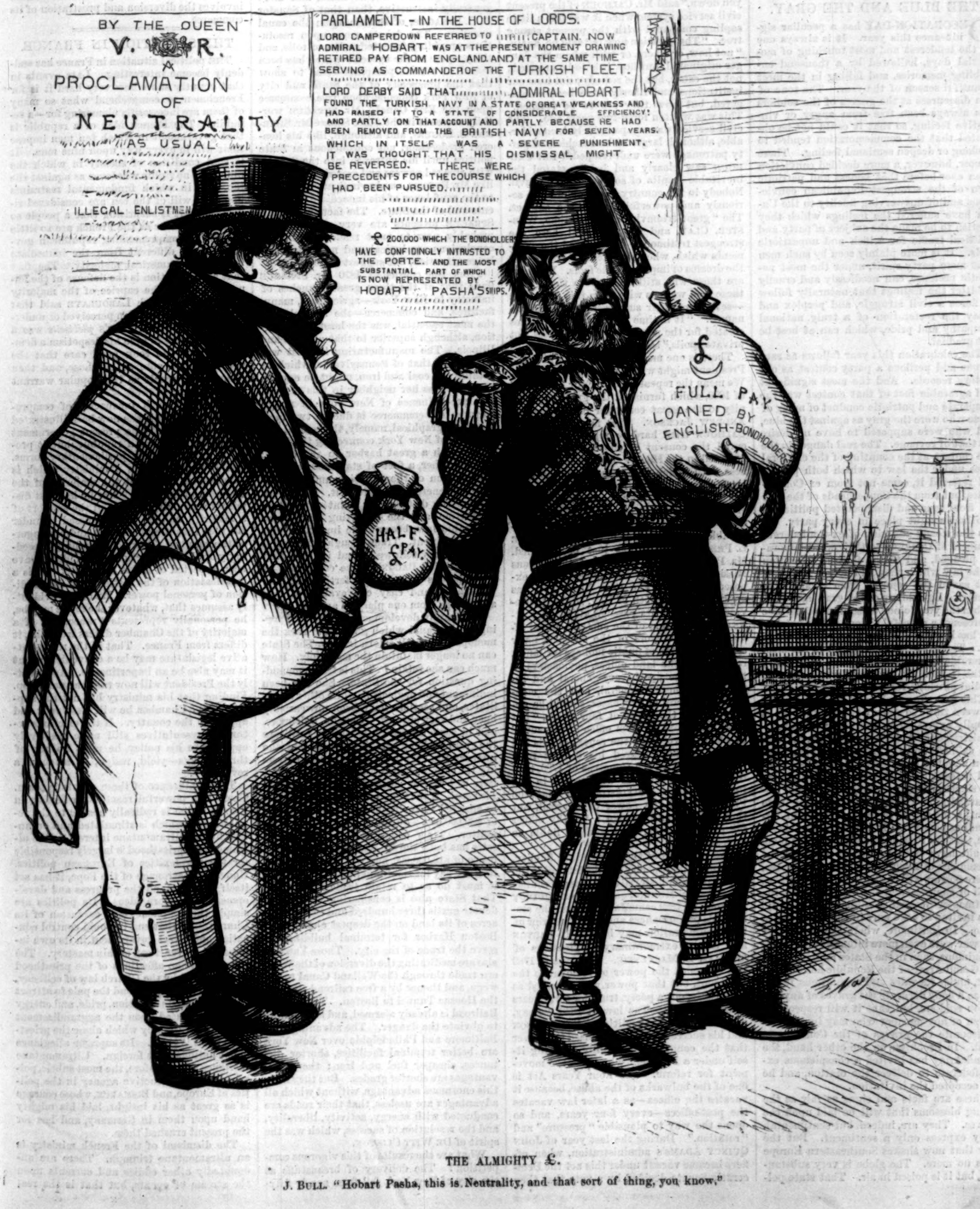

BY THE QUEEN
V. R.
A
PROCLAMATION
OF
NEUTRALITY
AS USUAL
ILLEGAL ENLISTMEN
PARLIAMENT - IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.
LORD CAMPERDOWN REFERRED TO CAPTAIN. NOW ADMIRAL HOBART WAS AT THE PRESENT MOMENT DRAWING RETIRED PAY FROM ENGLAND. AND AT THE SAME TIME SERVING AS COMMANDER OF THE TURKISH FLEET.
LORD DERBY SAID THAT ADMIRAL HOBART FOUND THE TURKISH NAVY IN A STATE OF GREAT WEAKNESS AND HAD RAISED IT TO A STATE OF CONSIDERABLE EFFICIENCY: AND PARTLY ON THAT ACCOUNT AND PARTLY BECAUSE HE HAD BEEN REMOVED FROM THE BRITISH NAVY FOR SEVEN YEARS. WHICH IN ITSELF WAS A SEVERE PUNISHMENT. IT WAS THOUGHT THAT HIS DISMISSAL MIGHT BE REVERSED. THERE WERE PRECEDENTS FOR THE COURSE WHICH HAD BEEN PURSUED.
£200,000 WHICH THE BONDHOLDERS HAVE CONFIDINGLY INTRUSTED TO THE PORTE. AND THE MOST SUBSTANTIAL PART OF WHICH IS NOW REPRESENTED BY HOBART PASHA'S SHIPS.
HALF £ PAY
£
FULL PAY LOANED BY ENGLISH-BONDHOLDERS
Th. Nast

THE ALMIGHTY £.

J. Bull. "Hobart Pasha, this is Neutrality, and that sort of thing, you know."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 9, 1877.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a page of sketches of Russian Peasants, and three pages of sketches in Constantinople and with the Turkish army.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

Decoration-Day has a peculiar significance this year. It is always one of the tenderest and most touching of memorial days, hallowed by a thousand ennobling memories, and falling in the most beautiful season of the year. The tone of the discourses at the graves of the soldiers has always been free from angry or vindictive feeling, so that it could not be objected that the commemoration tended to prolong or deepen sectional feeling. There is now, however, a more decided conviction than ever before that honest and patriotic men of the strongest Republican convictions and of unswerving fidelity to the Union have suffered the feelings which they cherish to be made the subject of party and political traffic for selfish and unpatriotic ends. It is more plainly seen by such men that mere party spirit, under the most patriotic pretense, can needlessly and cruelly imbitter the feelings that naturally follow so fierce a civil struggle, and perplex and delay the restoration of a truly national sympathy and pride, which can at best be but gradual.

The celebration this year follows as rancorous and perilous a party contest as our history records. And the most significant and agreeable fact of that contest was the temperate and patriotic conduct of many of those who wore the gray as against the blue, and who were supposed to have no desire but that of revenge. The real danger in the late contest, at the counting of the electoral votes under the law to which both parties had referred it, came not from ex-Confederates, but from the Copperheads of the war and from sour and disappointed politicians who had sought place in every party. It was the steady adhesion of ex-Confederate members of Congress to their word honorably pledged, and to the faithful execution of the law which they had helped to frame, that saved the country from incalculable disaster. Ex-soldiers of the gray have thus within the year joined ex-soldiers of the blue to preserve a peaceful Union. Their patriotism has been tried, and was not found wanting. The gray has ceased, and in the most honorable way, to be the symbol of hostility to the Union. It has fairly won a title to cordial patriotic respect.

This renewing feeling of mutual respect between those so sternly and long hostile is happily expressed in the policy of the Administration. A soldier of the gray sits in the cabinet, and the measures which have been adopted, constitutional, patriotic, just, and reasonable in themselves, have shown the sincere desire and purpose of better understanding. The events of the last three months, indeed, have made such an understanding possible. It is most fitting, therefore, that the President, a soldier of the blue, should have been invited to share in the ceremonies of Decoration-day in Tennessee, where flowers will be strewn upon the graves both of the gray and the blue, and that the Postmaster-General, a soldier of the gray, was invited to take part in the ceremony in Ohio. In Baltimore, where the feelings of the war were even more intense, because less unanimous, than in the States farther south, the Grand Army of the Republic has decided that, under its rules and regulations, it can not as a body decorate the graves of any but Union soldiers, but that it will respect the action of any member who may individually decorate the graves of the Confederate dead. In Brooklyn, on the other hand, the Grand Army has invited a conspicuous ex-Confederate to deliver the oration, and he has accepted the invitation.

These are facts and signs as fair as the spring blossoms that will be laid upon the graves. They are, indeed, but sentimental. They express only a sentiment. But the war that now shakes Southeastern Europe does no more. The globe is very substantial, but it is poised in air. That state policy is strongest which is founded on a great, generous, humane sentiment. The opposition of Mr. **Sumner** to hanging in public buildings as permanent memorials the battle-flags of a civil war, was a noble and patriotic service. The peculiar glory of Decoration-day this year is that it witnesses a cessation of the spirit of sectional strife and of party difference. The farewell words of **Washington** had never a more timely significance:

> "In governments of a monarchical cast, patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose. And there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be by force of public opinion to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume."

THE FOUR YEARS ACT.

"If you do not put it down, it will put you down," said Mr. **Calhoun** of the present civil service system when it was but a little sapling compared with the present strong tree. "The question now is," said he, again, "not how, or where, or with whom the danger originated, but how it is to be arrested; not the cause, but the remedy; not how our institutions and liberty have been endangered, but how they are to be rescued." This was written forty-two years ago. The civil service was comparatively inconsiderable, although large. The mischiefs of party patronage were undeveloped. But **Calhoun** saw clearly and boldly stated the inevitable results of so monstrous an evil. Nobody in the country has spoken more seriously and powerfully upon the subject. The "great triumvirate" of his time, **Webster**, **Clay**, and **Calhoun**, all bore the strongest testimony. They urged the arguments which, when repeated, are scorned as the dreams of impracticable fools. Yet there are those who still venture to think that these men were as wise upon this subject as—several of their successors who could be named. "It is time to declare that offices created for the people are public trusts, not private spoils," said **Daniel Webster**.

There is one measure of reform which the President might wisely urge upon Congress. We mean the repeal of the "Four Years Act" of 1820, which furnished the great opportunity to the great corrupter of the service, **Andrew Jackson**. This is an act which **Calhoun** tried hard to repeal, and he secured the consent of the Senate, but was defeated in the House. Indeed, the earnestness with which the question of the civil service was debated forty and fifty years ago is little known except to the students of our politics, and we are very glad that the subject has been refreshed by the admirable little pamphlet of the Rev. **George L. Prentiss**, which has just been issued. Mr. **Prentiss** is a brother of the famous Mississippi Senator who unsparingly exposed the evil. The Four Years Act was approved on the 15th of May, 1820. It provided that from its passage all district attorneys, collectors of the customs, naval officers and surveyors of the customs, navy agents, receivers of public moneys for lands, registers of the land offices, paymasters in the army, the apothecary-general and assistant apothecary-general, and the commissary-general of purchases, should be appointed for the term of four years, "but shall be removable from office at pleasure." It was in advocating the repeal of this bill that **Webster** declared his dissent from the judgment of the Congress of 1789, that the power of removal was vested in the President alone. **Madison** held that the President had the power of removal, but that if he should remove a worthy officer for party motives, he would be liable to impeachment.

The tradition of the service that fidelity, efficiency, and capacity should determine the tenure of the ministerial offices was, of course, respected by **Monroe** and by **John Quincy Adams**. In 1829 came **Jackson**, and the story of his performances and of the interior of his administration may be read in **Parton** and in the extraordinary publications of **William L. Mackenzie**. Congress in 1789 had conceded the power of removal to the President, but that power was regarded as a patriotic, not a party, trust for forty years from that time. The law of 1820, we say, did not disturb the tradition. But **Jackson** and his successors have so abused the power that the country is gradually arousing itself under a President who leads the movement for reform. The Four Years Act is one of the bulwarks of the abuse, because it vacates the offices—as a later law vacates the post-offices—every four years, and so opens the way to plausible "pressure" and "rotation." During the last year of **John Quincy Adams**'s administration, when offices became vacant under this act the Democratic Senate decided by a vote that they should remain unfilled, so that the President to be elected should fill them. The good ends sought by the act, which were mainly those of security of the public money, can easily be provided for, and the repeal of the law will deprive a mere partisan Executive of the convenient pretext of a legal vacancy to be filled. The effect upon the office-holding *morale* would be most favorable. It would be a significant indication of a change of sentiment promising the happiest results. As there is no question that an honest and intelligent and persistent effort is now to be made to deal with this great evil, we may fairly expect a corresponding growth of a sympathetic public opinion. To this result Mr. **Prentiss** has made an important and timely contribution.

NEW YORK IN DANGER.

There was no speech in the New York Legislature during the late long session more worthy of thoughtful consideration by every citizen of this State, and more generally instructive, than that of Senator **E. C. Sprague**, of Buffalo, upon the canal question. The debate arose upon resolutions providing for a reduction of tolls, and the purpose of the speech—which has been issued in a neat pamphlet—was to show that the prosperity of the State and city of New York depends upon free commerce upon the Erie Canal. Mr. **Sprague** worthily succeeds in the State Senate Mr. **Sherman S. Rogers**, and although, like his honored predecessor, not conspicuous in State politics until his entrance into the Senate, with ripened powers and experience, he has, like Mr. **Rogers**, amply vindicated his claim to the confidence of his immediate constituents and of the State. The facts which Mr. **Sprague** presents are very striking, and probably new to most readers, while his conclusions are logical, and not only challenge attention, but suggest action.

From the census of 1870 Mr. **Sprague** finds that of the three great branches of industry in New York—agriculture, manufactures, and commerce—the agricultural, the most essential, was the least in proportion, although superior to that of Ohio and Illinois. The manufacturing interest was larger than that of Pennsylvania, which, as holding the coal and iron, might be expected to surpass her neighbor in this respect. The pre-eminence of New York in manufactures and commerce is due to two facts—one geographical, namely, the central level valley of New York connecting the Great Lakes with a great harbor on the ocean; and the other, a fact of statesmanship, the appreciation of the situation and the wisdom and energy to improve it. New York became the distributing point of Western production, and the exporting city, by an inevitable law, became the importing city of the continent. Trade brought customers; manufactures followed; and in 1870 New York satisfied **Bacon**'s three conditions of a prosperous country—"a fertile soil, busy workshops, and easy conveyance of men and things from one place to another."

This happy development was mainly owing to the canal which gave New York the monopoly of the Western trade. The State can no longer maintain the monopoly. How much can she retain? This is the commanding question for the State. She has been indifferent and neglectful, while other cities, States, and sections have been unweariedly busy and very shrewd. Canada, Baltimore, and in some degree Philadelphia, facilitate the grain trade by avoiding speculators who increase the expense. Canada also is freeing its canals from tolls. *In one year more there will be free navigation from Chicago to Liverpool.* The Canadian canals are perfectly adapted to their purpose, at a total cost of $30,000,000. So much for the first competitor. Then comes Boston. Massachusetts has built the Hoosac Tunnel at an expense of $12,000,000, and will free it and tax itself to pay for the tunnel when it sees that it must do so to retain trade for Boston. That State also is considering whether to devote gratis three hundred and twenty-five acres of its land on the deepest channels of Boston Harbor for terminal buildings to serve the trade of the city. Those Yankees also are meditating the diversion of the Western trade through the Welland Canal to Oswego, and thence by a free railroad through the Hoosac Tunnel to Boston. The Central Railroad is already alarmed, and is scheming to obviate the danger. The advantages of Baltimore and Philadelphia over New York are better terminal facilities, shorter distances, cheaper fuel and iron; the disadvantages are shorter grades. But they have this enormous advantage, without which all advantages are useless, that their roads are conducted with energy, activity, liberality, and the resolution of success, which was the spirit of **De Witt Clinton**.

What are the results of this vigorous competition? The delivery of breadstuffs at the city of New York fell from nearly fifty-six per cent. in 1871 to less than thirty-one per cent. in the first quarter of 1877. The actual receipts of Baltimore were larger than those of New York during the same period. In the week ending March 3, 1877, there were but 5900 bushels of wheat received in the city of New York. The total receipts in New York from January 1 to March 2, 1876, were 1,558,380 bushels, and for the same period in 1877, the receipts were 439,912 bushels—a decline of 1,118,468, as against a decline in all the other Atlantic ports of only 284,300 bushels. Mr. **Sprague** proceeds to show the intimate and immediate interest of the farmers and rural districts in the prosperity of the canal, and he does this in a clear and convincing manner, which can not fail to have a good effect. He answers the assertion of the auditor that tolls have no effect upon traffic, and considers the details of rates in competition with the railroads, concluding a truly valuable speech, admirable both for manner and for matter, by insisting that no danger which menaces New York is so great as that which involves the diversion and prostration of its commerce.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

The political situation in France has suddenly become interesting. Late events in that country show how very hard it is for Frenchmen to comprehend what so many of them are incessantly clamoring for—a republic. The French idea of a republic is that government in which ten men impose their will in every way upon nine men. It is that condition of society in which the nine have no rights whatever as against the ten, and in which fundamental restraints upon the will of the ten are considered ridiculous. It is surprising that a people so quick and clever as the French are so little capable of comprehending republican government as different from the immediate whim of a numerical majority. The fact that a constitution is the defense of the minority against the caprice of the majority is something which **Laboulaye** said that scarcely any Frenchman perceived or understood. **Louis Napoleon**'s *plébiscite* was a cunning device to give his despotism a democratic air. He took good care that the people should vote as he chose, and then claimed the result as the popular warrant of his empire.

But the French incapacity of comprehending a republic has now been illustrated in another way. The present government in France is called a republic, but it proceeds under English parliamentary forms. The President selects a ministry which is supposed to represent the majority of the Chamber of Deputies. But he has just dismissed a ministry which had the support of a majority, and he has dismissed it under the plea that it embarrassed and endangered the country. There is something exceedingly droll in this action, which might have been expected of **Louis Napoleon**. It is a manifestation of the instinct and the tradition of personal power. **M'Mahon** evidently assumes that, whatever the forms may be, he personally represents France, and if a majority of the Chamber differs from him, it differs from France. That is, the representative legislature may be a convenience, but it may also be an impertinence. Apparently the President will now take the next step. Finding that his ministry has not the support of the Chamber, he will dissolve it and appeal to the country. If the elections return representatives still more positively opposed to his policy, he must do one of three things—yield, resign, or attempt a revolution.

The significance of these events is plain. There is a powerful reactionary feeling in France which is radically hostile to the republic, and which is stimulated and organized by the ultramontane interest. The ultramontane priesthood is largely responsible for the perplexities of European politics. Under the patronage of the Pope, it has set itself to withstand the progress and development of modern ideas. Its politics are simply the supremacy and extension of its Church. To that end it would control education and direct government in its own interest wherever it can obtain mastery. The natural human affections of the priesthood are deadened by the Church law of celibacy, and, with nothing beyond the pale to attract its desires, all its ambition, pride, and energy are concentrated upon the aggrandizement of the institution by which alone the priesthood itself is great. Its supreme allegiance is not national, but foreign. Ultramontane intrigues are, therefore, the most subtle, poisonous, and destructive agency in the politics of Europe, and **Bismarck**, whose courage is as great as his insight, laid his mighty hand upon them in Germany, and has for the present crushed them.

The dismissal of the French ministry is an ultramontane triumph. There are undoubtedly other eddies and currents upon the stream of events, but that is the real drift and tendency. It checks the republic not only directly, but indirectly, by making a republic still more incomprehensible. But the more intelligent popular leaders, such as Gambetta and Louis Blanc, will make a fatal mistake if they do not maintain order, and throw upon M'Mahon the odium of public disturbance. Let the Chamber be dissolved. Let the appeal be made to the country. Let the popular majority in the new Assembly stand firm, and the marshal must yield, or take a step of desperation which would place him wholly in the wrong. The situation in France makes the relations of that country with Germany more critical, and, of course, compels both countries to passivity in the Russian and Turkish war. It promises, however, prolonged excitement in France itself, and the gravest troubles are always possible there under such circumstances. But the fearful experience of the German war and of the Commune will do much to restrain actual outbreak.

THE PRESIDENT'S POSITION.

In an article wisely suggesting that it is useless to quarrel with the President about things that can not be changed, we read that "the question, as one of moral right only, is whether as President he was bound to carry out his own idea of duty, or to give effect to the ideas preponderating in the party which made him what he is." But is this the question? Can there be any question that the President in a grave decision is bound to obey his own sense of duty, and not that which he may suppose, and be very much mistaken in supposing, to be the sense of other people? Could there possibly be a more deceptive and unsatisfactory rule of action in a doubtful and delicate emergency than the supposition of ideas preponderating in other minds? In the case of the President this seems to us a more remarkable suggestion, for two reasons—one, that the party had distinctly declared what it wished to have done, and the President, in accepting its nomination, had, with equal distinctness, stated his view of the policy demanded. If there be any way in which the preponderating ideas of a political party upon any question can be known, it is by the declaration of authorized representatives of the party.

Now the Convention which nominated the President declared,

> "The permanent pacification of the Southern section of the Union, the complete protection of all its citizens in the free enjoyment of all their rights, are duties to which the Republican party are sacredly pledged.... And we declare it to be the solemn obligation of the legislative and executive departments of the government to put into immediate and vigorous exercise all their constitutional powers for removing any just causes of discontent on the part of any class, and for securing to every American citizen complete liberty and exact equality in the exercise of all civil, political, and public rights."

The acceptance of Mr. Hayes was unmistakable in its expression of opinion that this was a most desirable end, and he announced that, if elected, his Administration would "put forth its best efforts in behalf of a civil policy which will wipe out forever the distinction between the North and South in our common country." He left no doubt whatever that he believed in a policy of peace, and that he should do all that he constitutionally could to remove the just causes of discontent in the Southern States, believing that by a friendly and peaceful and magnanimous policy, instead of the military supervision which had been attempted, the welfare of the negro and of the white would be most surely promoted. His purpose was the same as that of the party. The method of securing it was, of course, a matter for his own judgment and conscience.

But while in the present instance the President is undeniably within his perfect constitutional right, and is sustained, as we have no doubt, by the wisest, most patriotic, and most humane ideas preponderating in his party, yet we do not admit that in such a question any President ought to follow any other guide than his own sense of duty. There is no more pitiable spectacle than that of a man doing what he thinks wrong because he supposes or because he knows that somebody else expects him to do it. No honorable man could endure such a position. Of course there are indifferent questions upon which a man willingly yields to the opinions of others. But when the subject is of capital importance, involving justice, local prosperity, public order, and national harmony, the officer who evades the mandate of his own sense of duty for the supposed sentiment of a party, after he has declared his views before his election, betrays his trust. This question was familiar in a stronger form in the old fugitive slave days. The law authorized such cases to be brought before United States commissioners, and there was many a commissioner who asked what he could do, although he detested the law, if a case should be laid before him. "Do?" was the instinctive answer. "Resign." If a President should find his sense of duty in conflict, not with a supposed preponderance of ideas in his party, but with a categorical party mandate in the form of a resolution of Congress or of a convention, he would obey his sense of duty, or he would show himself unfit to be President. It might persuade him to resign, but it could not honorably lead him to outrage his convictions.

President Hayes thus far is happily in accord not only with his own sense of duty, but with the best sentiment of his party. He commands also the hearty respect and confidence of hosts of Democrats, not because they suppose that he is "coming over," or because they are "going over," but because there is a real patriotism in the country which is capable of judging public men and public conduct upon principles that are not partisan. The President owes his strong and honorable position to the public confidence that in all that he has done he has obeyed his own sense of duty.

THE ENGLISH LIBERAL PARTY.

When the actual leader of the Liberal party in England was succeeded by a nominal leader, it was felt that the arrangement could not end well. Mr. Gladstone, a man of great powers of leadership, represents the conviction and possible policy of the Liberal party. Lord Hartington represents the traditions of the great Whig houses and the aristocratic connection. But the Liberal party of Gladstone is not the Whig party of Rockingham and Russell. It is becoming more and more the party of earnest conviction and purpose of reform—and reform even of the structure of English society. In no country in the world, however, has conservatism so splendid and apparently conclusive reason as in England. While other countries have been tossed and torn with intestine trouble, with foreign invasion, with radical and terrible revolution, changing governments and dynasties, England for nearly two centuries has been at peace at home, steadily advancing and developing, every change accomplished without convulsion, while her ancient and sacred tradition of freedom

"broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent."

The contemplation of a really radical change in a system under which so much has been so peacefully and so prosperously accomplished is instinctively repelled. Hence the British suspicion of logic in politics, which Mill describes, and its impatience of theorists and Frenchmen. Hence, too, the fondness for a man like Palmerston. Hence, also, when views affecting the continuance of the House of Lords, the union of Church and state, and the right of primogeniture are actually cherished with intention of abolishing all those integral parts of the British system, it can not be supposed that they will be adopted as the policy of the old Whig party. Such views must necessarily divide any party which was not formed for the prosecution of such a policy. And this seems to be somewhat the present condition of the Liberal party in England. Mr. Jennings, the lively London correspondent of the *World*, who, however, has little sympathy with Mr. Gladstone or the Liberals, in a recent letter speaks of this schism, and states that Lord Hartington is anxious to be released from the arrangement that was forced upon him, and that he would gladly part with "the radicals."

He also says that Mr. Gladstone is in alliance with the same radicals, and that, if he lives, the abolition of the law of primogeniture and the disestablishment of the Church will both be carried under his leadership—the last first. Mr. Jennings adds that the separation of Church and state can not be accomplished without a convulsion. But he says that Mr. Gladstone is "pledged to the work;" that he will have the alliance of the Dissenters, the Roman Catholics, and the non-believers; and he does not see how, with such a force, he can fail. Mr. Gladstone, however, yielded to the urgent demand that he should not divide the party on his Russian and Turkish resolutions. At this distance it is not easy to judge accurately, but his action seems to have been that of a statesman, for it resulted in showing how powerful is the party opposed to the policy of war, and it extorted from the Home Secretary the declaration that only under extreme circumstances would England go to war. The paramount question of the hour is, of course, the war, and it would be foolish for those who are heartily united in an anti-war policy to destroy the force of their opposition by dividing upon other questions. But it is evident that the situation in England is curiously interesting, and that the division of the Liberal party can not be long delayed.

PERSONAL.

The London *World* gives the following bit of gossip concerning the authorship of the new serial story, *A Modern Minister*, which, by special arrangement with the English publishers, is now in course of publication in *Harper's Bazar*: "It has been the whim of more than one literary genius to burst upon an astonished world under the veil of a modest anonymity. Sir Walter Scott was the great unknown, and not until long after they had published her first work were Messrs. Blackwood acquainted with the identity of 'George Eliot.' I hear that the same publishers have another literary surprise in store for the world. Some months ago they received the manuscript of a novel, to be brought out in monthly parts, from an author who declined to communicate either his (or her) name or sex. In all the negotiations which have since passed between them, this incognito has been strictly preserved. The work in question is now about to appear, under the title of *A Modern Minister*. It will be interesting to know whether the Scotch Sosii have made any thing like the same successful find, and in the same mysterious manner, as they did twenty years ago. There is room for such a *trouvaille* in contemporary fiction."

—The president elect of Dartmouth College, Dr. Bartlett, is to deliver the oration at the Bennington (Vermont) Centennial, because the highest honors of the day belong to New Hampshire, which was the home of Stark's brigade, which defeated Burgoyne. Dr. Bartlett is a descendant of Josiah Bartlett, who fought at Bennington, signed the Declaration of Independence, and was Governor of the State.

—Colonel T. B. Thorpe, who served under General Taylor in Mexico, and who was a personal friend and great admirer of General Worth, was selected by the veterans of the Mexican war to deliver an address on General Worth at the Worth monument in this city on the 30th of May, that being not only Decoration-day, but the anniversary of the conclusion of peace between the United States and Mexico.

—Westland Marston, an author of some celebrity in England, presided recently at the dinner given by the Urban Club, of London, to Dr. Schliemann. He brought with him his blind son—also now eminent as a poet—so that there were two men sitting near each other, Fawcett and Marston, giving proof of the culture to which sightless men may rise.

—Mr. Judah Peter Benjamin, who is now the most successful lawyer in London, and whose income is over $100,000 a year, is sixty-five; was born in San Domingo; is a Hebrew; went to New Orleans after studying at Yale, but not graduating; was a Whig, then a Democratic United States Senator; and then Attorney-General, Acting Secretary of War, and Secretary of State of the Southern Confederacy. He is the only person, once an American citizen, who has arrived at the dignity of Queen's Counsel at the British bar.

—Hon. H. O. Pratt, late member of Congress from the Fourth District of Iowa, and one of the most eloquent men in that State, has abandoned politics for the ministry, and recently preached his first sermon in Charles City, his home. In the fall he will join the Upper Iowa Methodist Conference, and will be a great acquisition to that body.

—It is understood that Mr. Heywood, one of the foremost literary men of London, will contribute an article on Lord Abinger to the next number of the *Quarterly Review*. Lord Abinger was the original Mr. Subtle in Warren's *Ten Thousand a Year*. Lord Brougham was the Mr. Quicksilver of the same work.

—The Duke of Wellington has ceased to feed upon English beef. He says that American beef is not only cheaper, but infinitely better.

—Khalil Pasha, the Turkish embassador at Paris, has discarded a fez, and wears a hat. His mother was a daughter of Mahomed Ali. The London *Truth* states that "when his father died he inherited land in Egypt worth about $200,000 per annum. This he sold, and invested the proceeds in divers stocks. But Khalil had a passion for gambling. When embassador at St. Petersburg he lost large sums. Later on, he took up his residence in Paris, and proved a mine of wealth to many impecunious gentlemen who played at cards with him. Having lost all his money, he returned to Constantinople 'on the make.' He is a clever man of the world, who has, as Cavour said of Napoleon's minister the Duc de Grammont, the inestimable advantage of appearing to be a fool."

—Lieutenant-Colonel Emory Upton, of the United States artillery, who has recently returned from a fifteen months' tour through Europe and Asia, where he examined closely into the military organizations of all the great powers, is now in command of the artillery school at Fortress Monroe, and is actively at work in preparing an exhaustive report of his observations, which will soon be submitted to the Secretary of War. Colonel Upton, though one of the youngest officers of his grade in the service, is known as one of our ablest tactical writers; and as human perfectibility has not yet been attained in the United States army, we may look for many valuable suggestions from his pen, derived from personal observation of all that is best in the armies of the East.

—Mr. Thaddeus Fairbanks, the extensive scale-maker of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, who was knighted by the Emperor of Austria, has been invested with the order of Commander by the Bey of Tunis in consideration of his valuable invention. The order has no fixed cash value, but it was the best the Bey could do for Sir Thaddeus.

—Mr. Layard, the new British minister to Constantinople, was early in life one of the regular correspondents of the London *Times*, and described for that paper the battle of the Alma, which he witnessed from the maintop of H.M.S. *Agamemnon*. The *Times* can boast that it has had bishops, deans, cabinet ministers, peers, and now embassadors, on its staff.

—The rivalry between Chicago and St. Louis crops out in various ways. The Chicago *Tribune*, for instance, says that the other day a St. Louis man heard some surprising intelligence, and exclaimed, in his astonishment, "Can I credit my ears?" "I think you ought to," observed the man of Chicago, "because they form a quorum of you."

—The pay of officers of the Turkish army is in strong contrast with that of officers of the United States army, with the exception of the two higher grades. The commander, Moushir Pasha, receives $5000 per month; Ferrik Pasha, division general, $700; Liva Pasha, brigadier, $350. The colonels receive $80; lieutenant-colonels, $50; majors, $47 50; captains, $12 50; first lieutenants, $9; second lieutenants, $6 50; sergeants, $1 63; corporals, $1 25; privates, $1.

—Speaking of two notable men who have recently passed away—William G. Brownlow, of Tennessee, and John Forsyth, of Mobile—Mr. Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, draws the following striking contrast: "The death of John Forsyth and Parson Brownlow removes from the scene of partisan journalism two of the most prominent representatives of that school which flourished in the South before the war. Of that school Mr. Prentice was unquestionably the head; but it embraced a number of able, if not brilliant, persons, of whom no two were more conspicuous than the editors of the Mobile *Register* and the Knoxville *Whig*. Yet, as we have said, no men were less alike. The East Tennesseean was bellicose, frugal, and thrifty. The Alabamian was a polemic, but he fought his battles in kid gloves, and was equally polished and lavish. Both had a taste of public life, the one in the Senate, the other in diplomacy, neither adding to his usefulness or celebrity. Each was an extremist. Each bore an unblemished private character. Each died comparatively poor—the fate of the Southern journalist of the last generation. They were marked men in their different ways, not far apart in years, and living beyond their time. They contributed much to the controversial literature of the sectional period, and they pass away as the controversies which brought them to notice pass away. Though working in a circle, and in a very narrow circle, they made themselves known over the country at large."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A terrible accident occurred at the launch of the iron steam-ship *Saratoga*, at Roach's ship-yard, Chester, Pennsylvania, on the 22d of May. About forty men were under the vessel when it went off. Not hearing the order to come out, seven of them were dragged under and crushed to death, and three were seriously injured.

The old code has been revived by the New York Legislature until September 1.—On the 21st, the State Senate bill appropriating $500,000 for the new Capitol passed the Assembly.—The Senate, on the 22d, passed the bill abolishing the Marine Court.—On the 24th, the Legislature adjourned *sine die*. The Apportionment and Bank Taxation bills failed to pass.

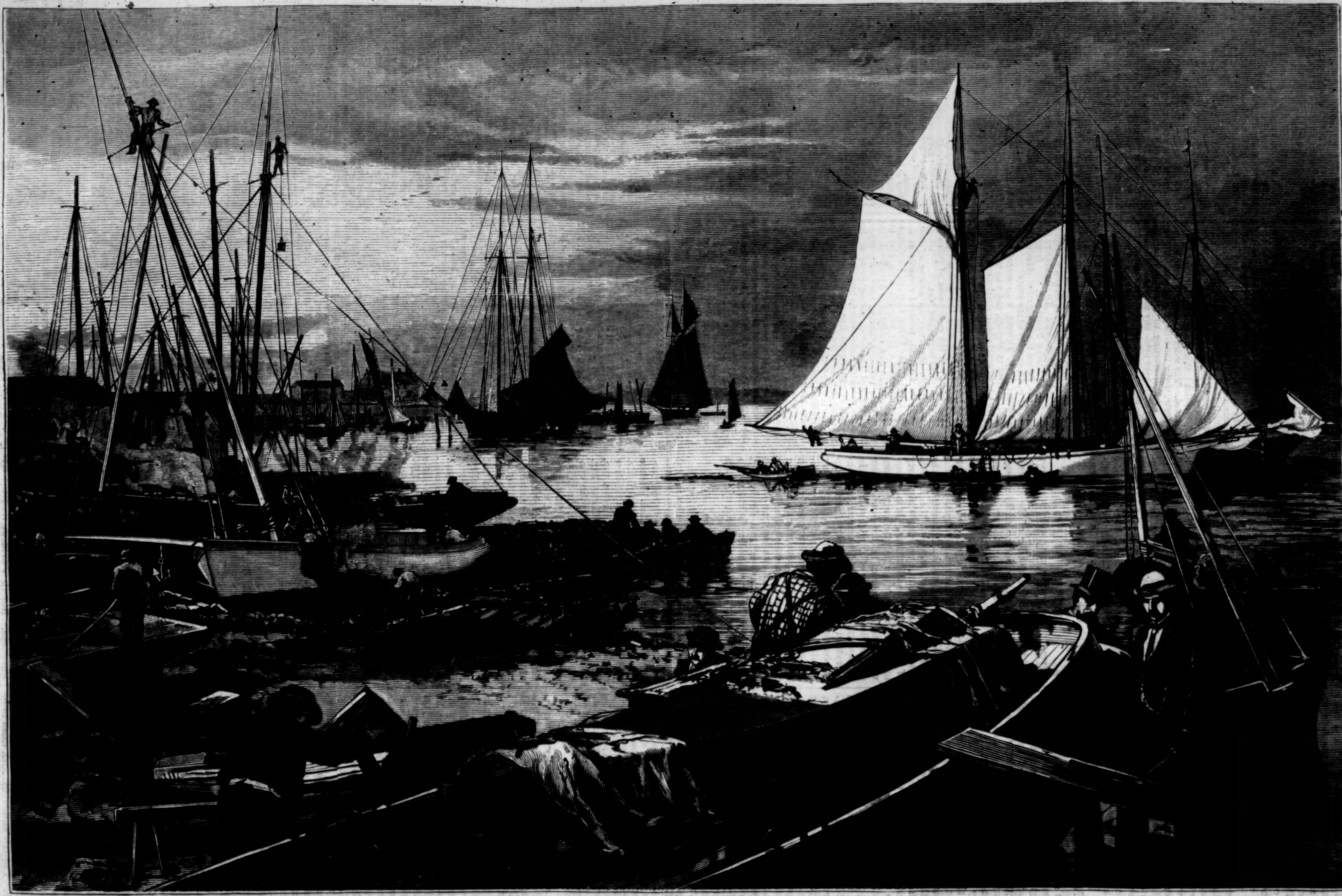
FOREIGN NEWS.

The leading event of the week was the capture of Ardaban by the Russians on May 17. The official dispatch from General Melikoff was as follows: "The outworks of Ardaban, its fortifications, citadel, sixty guns, immense stores of provisions and ammunition, and the camp formerly occupied by fourteen battalions of Turks, lie at the feet of the Czar. On Thursday, May 17, the admirable fire of our artillery between three and six o'clock in the afternoon made a breach in the walls. At six o'clock the Erivan, Tiflis, and Baku regiments, and the sappers, advanced to the assault. The enemy could not withstand the onslaught, and fled, leaving a great number of dead. At nine o'clock our troops traversed the whole town and fortifications, the bands playing the national anthem. The troops are full of enthusiasm. Our loss is believed to be one officer and fifty soldiers killed, four officers and 180 soldiers wounded." In another dispatch the Russians claim to have captured at Ardaban a Turkish pasha and eighty-two cannons, including two eight-inch and a number of smaller Krupps. The body of the Turkish chief of staff was found among the slain. The Turks admit the loss of 300 killed and wounded. —A dispatch from Batum says the Russians in the vicinity of Tchurukson have sacked and burned all the villages, and massacred the women, old men, and children.—An official bulletin at Constantinople announces that the Turkish forces operating near Sukhum Kaleh (north of Poti) were attacked by 5700 Russians near Siel. The Turks completely annihilated a company of Cossacks. The fleet destroyed Bourgdjardjare.—The Roumanian official gazette, on the 21st, officially promulgated a circular interdicting navigation on the Danube. On the same day Roumania proclaimed her absolute independence, and declared war against Turkey.—The Grand Duke Michael, on the 20th, telegraphed from Tiflis as follows: "Along the entire coast, from Cape Adler to Cape Ptchentchyr, Turkish men-of-war are bombarding and burning undefended and peaceful settlements, and landing Circassian emigrants at various points, who seek to excite the Abchasians to rebellion. Troops have been dispatched to suppress any rising."—The Turks report that, on the 18th, the Russians attacked Kars, but were repulsed, leaving 300 corpses and a large number of wounded on the field.—The London *Standard's* correspondence from Erzerum, on the 23d, reports that the Russian centre has driven the Turks from their positions at Karadrhouran, a village near Kars.—A Galatz telegram of the 22d says that the Russians, crossing in boats from Braila to Ghiacet, burned the latter place.—A dispatch from Constantinople reports that the Abchasians are in full insurrection. Arms have been distributed to them. The Sultan has ordered the purchase of 20,000 revolvers, to be paid for from his private purse, for distribution in the Caucasus.—It is said that the commander of the Ardaban garrison will be court-martialed.—The Servian government has ordered the formation of twelve new battalions. The police, on the 23d, removed placards from the walls in Belgrade threatening Prince Milan's expulsion unless he renews the war. —Seven hundred Jews, deprived of a livelihood by the closing of the navigation of the Danube, and who are destitute, houseless, and almost starving, in Widdin, have taken refuge under the walls of the fortress, in fear of bombardment.—The Turkish Chamber of Deputies has voted a resolution demanding the impeachment of Mahmoud Neddin Pasha, who was Grand Vizier under Sultan Abdul-Aziz, and a friend of the Russians.—A Turkish dispatch from Batum, on the 23d, notes the beginning of another tremendous cannonading from the Russians. The writer says: "A battle has just begun. Firing is becoming general along the entire line. The Turkish batteries are replying vigorously. The utmost enthusiasm prevails among the Ottoman troops. The Bashi-Bazouks are preparing for action. Every thing indicates a desperate effort on the part of the enemy. It is stated that the Russian force assigned to the assault of Batum has been strengthened by 20,000 men who have just arrived from Ardaban. It is reported that the Grand Duke Michael commands the attack in person. The Turks are sanguine."—According to the Turkish account, the Russians, on the 23d, made two assaults on Kars, and were repulsed. The Turks are concentrating troops at Erzerum.—A body of Softas, on the 24th, proceeded to the Turkish Chamber of Deputies and demanded the dismissal of the ministers. The discussion that followed was so stormy that the president was obliged to suspend the sitting. The Softas then went to the palace.

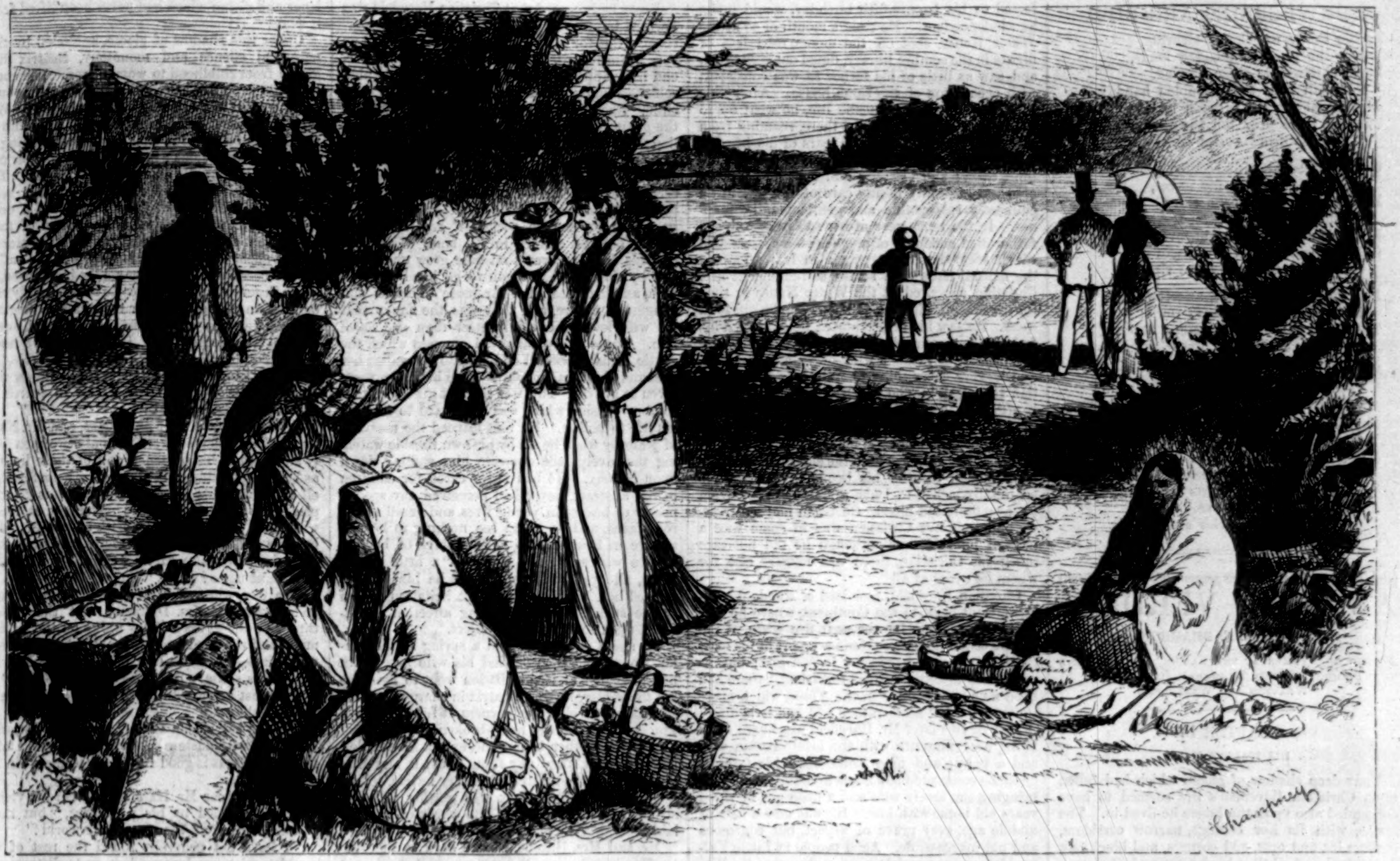
During the Whit-Monday amusements at Hull, England, a balloon which was about to ascend was blown against a gas jet, and exploded. Eighty-six of the spectators were injured.

Don Carlos has left France at the request of President M'Mahon.

The whole east coast of Achen has submitted to the Dutch.



YACHT RENDEZVOUS, GOWANUS BAY, BROOKLYN—PREPARING FOR THE YACHTING SEASON.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 441.]



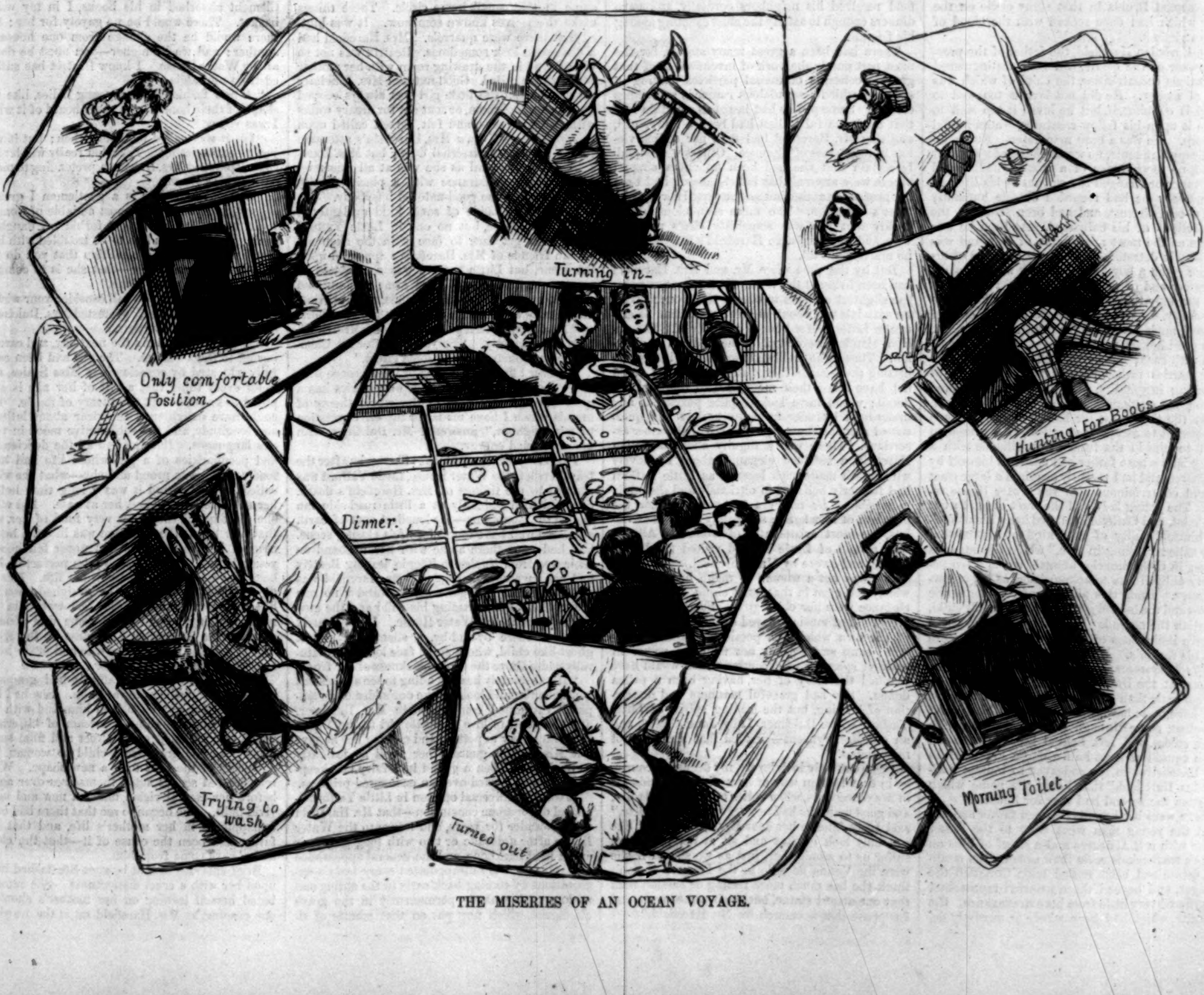
SCENE AT NIAGARA FALLS—BUYING MEMENTOS.

A YACHT RENDEZVOUS.

On the preceding page our readers will find a sketch made at Gowanus Bay, Brooklyn, the rendezvous of the yacht clubs of that city. The near approach of the yachting season causes great activity among the owners of yachts, preparatory to the pleasures of cruising over the summer seas. The yachts are thoroughly overhauled, repainted, refitted where necessary, and otherwise put in complete order. No yacht clubs in this country are more efficiently organized or possessed of better yachts of the various classes than those of Brooklyn, whose regattas are regarded as among the most noteworthy and pleasurable incidents of the season.

SCENE AT NIAGARA.

Few tourists visit the Falls of Niagara without taking away someme mento of the place, in the form of photographs, carvings, trinkets of Indian workmanship, etc. It is hard to keep from buying. At every step one is pestered by peddlers of all sorts, who press their wares with a pertinacity worthy of that "better cause" (whatever it may be) which so rarely finds equal zeal among its friends. There is no way of escaping from these pests. They dog one's footsteps every where, and are almost as much of a nuisance as the hackmen themselves. It is a matter for regret that the region around Niagara could not have been kept sacred as a National Park, and devoted forever to the enjoyment of visitors. Such a project is, of course, out of the question now. What ought to be a scene of rest and of pleasure, has become and must remain a place where all sorts of annoying extortion, sometimes petty and sometimes on a grand scale, interfere with one's enjoyment, and detract sadly from the impression the natural sublimity and magnificence of the scene should produce. Happy those who saw Niagara in its glory, before the desecration wrought by hotel-keepers, peddlers, and hackmen!



THE MISERIES OF AN OCEAN VOYAGE.

STRAWBERRIES ARE RIPE.

In the shady woodlands straying,
O'er the pleasant meadow lands,
Little children, in their playing,
Fill with fruit their dimpled hands;
And in all the thick green bushes
Cunning blackbirds tell the thrushes—
"Strawberries are ripe!"

Gardens flushed with scented glory,
Blushing rose, and lily sweet,
Hold the same delicious story
Of the fragrant crimson treat:
Eager hands the vines uncover,
Old and young with joy discover
Strawberries are ripe!

But the fruit is fairest, sweetest,
In the thousand-streeted town;
Then will pause the footsteps fleetest,
Heads be raised that were bowed down,
Sad hearts smile amid their sighing
As they hear the pleasant crying,
"Fresh ripe Strawberries!"

For the fruit is not a berry,
Just a berry, nothing more—
'Tis a poem both sad and merry,
Holding Memory's sweetest store.
With past joys our hearts beguiling,
As we tell each other, smiling,
"Strawberries are ripe!"

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Joshua Haggard's Daughter," "Weavers and Weft," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

HIS ITALIAN WIFE.

That deep shadow of gloom which had fallen upon Christian Harefield's life seemed to have descended also upon the house he lived in. The house, with its low ceilings, narrow corridors, strange ins and outs, odd corners, and black oak paneling, had doubtless been more or less gloomy of aspect for the last two hundred years. But an old-world gloom like this contrasts pleasantly with the movement and bustle of glad domestic life—the flashes of sudden color, the glow of many hearths, winter's yule-log and summer's wealth of flowers, the fresh shrill voices of young children, the hospitalities of even-tide, the passing in and out of many figures, varied yet recurrent as the combinations of a kaleidoscope.

For the last fifty years the Water House had been known to all Little Yafford, and within a radius of twenty miles, as a grave and sober mansion, where high jinks of any kind were as little to be expected as a re-appearance of white-robed, oak-crowned Druids in that stony circle on the moor which had once reeked with the blood of human victims.

Old Christian Harefield, the father of the present owner of the estate, had been distinguished for various eccentricities, the chief of which was love of money. He did not love it too well to spend it on himself, but he loved it too well to waste it upon his fellow-creatures, whom he did not love. He was a born man-hater. No youthful disappointments, no wrong-doing of a familiar friend, no inconstancy of a woman, had soured his temper or changed the current of his life. In his nursery he had regarded outside humanity with a cold distrust, and had been selfish in the transactions of his babyhood. At Eton he was known as the most respectable of lads, and was universally detested. There was a legend of his having given a boy he disliked the scarlatina, deliberately and of malice aforethought; and this was the only thing he had ever been known to give away. At the University he took care of himself, made his rooms the prettiest in his quad, rode good horses, read diligently, and took his degree with ease; but he refused all invitations to wine parties rather than incur the expense of returning hospitality, and he was remembered among his contemporaries as Stingy Harefield. When the time came for him to marry, he made no attempt to escape that ordeal, as it presented itself to him in the form of an alliance with a young lady whose father had enriched himself by commerce, and had recently acquired a large tract of land conterminous with the Water House estate. The young lady and the tract of land went in one lot, and Christian married her without feeling himself guilty of that kind of sentimental folly called "falling in love," which offended his reason in those inferior animals whom stern necessity obliged him to acknowledge as his fellow-creatures. From this alliance of the mercantile classes and the landed gentry sprang an only child, Christian the second. In his boyhood and youth he gave indications of a nobler and wider nature than his father's. He was careless of money, had his attachments among his school-fellows and companions at the University, gave wine parties on a larger scale than any under-graduate of his year, read hard, rode hard, was at once dissipated and a student, came through his examinations with flying colors, and left behind him a reputation which caused at least half a dozen Freshmen to ruin themselves in the endeavor to imitate "Alcibiades Harefield," that being the name which Christian the second had won for himself.

There were hard words between father and son when the young man went back to the Water House with a B.A. degree and a sheaf of bills on a more tremendous scale than usual. His mother's estate had been settled upon Christian the younger, and beyond those paternal reproaches, he suffered very little from his extravagance. His majority, which had been wisely or unwisely deferred to his twenty-fifth birthday, would make him independent. He staid a month or so at the Water House, shot on the moors, read late of nights in the sombre library, dined out very often, and saw as little of his father as was consistent with occupation of the same house. After this brief experience of domestic life, he went off to the Continent, and remained there, roaming from city to city, for the next ten years of his life, his father living on quietly at the Water House all the time, eating and sleeping and riding his steady cob, and generally taking care of himself in an eminently respectable and gentleman-like manner. In the tenth year of his son's absence the father died suddenly of apoplexy—a catastrophe which seemed to most people in Little Yafford the natural close of a selfish, self-indulgent life. Christian appeared at the Water House in time for the funeral, after travelling day and night for a week. He saw his father buried, he examined his father's papers in Mr. Scratchell's presence, and he perused his father's will, drawn by Scratchell, and leaving every thing to "my only son, Christian Harefield." The will had been made directly after Mrs. Harefield's death, when Christian the younger was still at Eton; and although the father and son had not got on particularly well together afterward, Christian the elder had not troubled himself to alter his bequest. He was too essentially selfish to leave a shilling away from his own flesh and blood. Christian had not treated him well, but Christian was in some wise a part of himself; and although he did not care much for Christian, there was nobody else for whom he cared at all.

Christian Harefield, now lord of the double estates, went back to the Continent, where he was heard of no more for the next five years, at the end of which time there came a report of his marriage with a very handsome Italian girl; but, as every body in Little Yafford remarked, "there had been no advertisement in the *Times*, which made the whole thing seem rather odd and irregular." A year or two later Mr. Harefield was heard of as living near Florence with the lovely Italian wife and a baby; and nine years after his father's death he came suddenly home to the Water House, bringing the lovely wife and a little girl of three years old home with him. He was now a man of middle age, very grave of aspect, but courteous and not inaccessible. Aged people at Little Yafford began to speculate upon a change at the Water House. It would be as it had been when the late Christian Harefield was a child, and old Mr. and Mrs. Harefield gave hunting breakfasts and dinners, and the old place was kept up altogether as it ought to be, with a great deal of company in the dining-room, and plenty of waste and riot in the kitchen and servants' hall.

Christian Harefield did not quite realize those hopes which memory had cooked in the hearts of the oldest inhabitants of Little Yafford, but he was not unsocial. The Water House resumed something of its ancient splendor; there was a large household liberally conducted; a fine stud of horses in the roomy old stables. Mr. Harefield received his neighbors cordially, and gave dinners enough to satisfy the most exacting among his friends.

There had been a great many stories, for the most part purely the work of invention, or of that gradual cohesion of casual particles floating in space by which a scandalous rumor is sometimes created. Some people had heard as a certain fact that the beautiful Italian had been a flower girl, and that Mr. Harefield had seen her selling violets in the streets of Florence. Others were equally certain that she had been an opera singer; others were assured that ballet-dancing had been her profession at the time she attracted her wealthy lover's attention. The more scandalous hinted darkly that she was somebody else's runaway wife, and that Christian Harefield's marriage was no marriage at all.

But by the time when Mr. and Mrs. Harefield had been living at the Water House three months, the slightest allusion to one of these once favorite scandals was about as great a solecism as any one in Little Yafford could be guilty of. The ancient slanders were sunk in the Red Sea of oblivion. Those who had been most active in disseminating the legends forgot all about them; could not have taxed their memory with the slightest detail; would have looked quite puzzled if any under-bred intruder in polite society had questioned them on the subject, or recalled former assertions. There was a dignity about Christian Harefield, a subdued elegance about his lovely wife, which made such legends as Little Yafford had formerly believed in obviously and distinctly impossible. *He* marry a ballet-girl dancer, the proudest of men! She sell penny bunches of violets, the most aristocratic of women! All the best people of Little Yafford visited the Water House, and swore by Mrs. Harefield.

She was not a woman to make her influence widely felt even in that quiet circle. Beauty and elegance were her chief gifts. She was passionately fond of music; played exquisitely in a style of her own which was poetic rather than brilliant; sang sweetly, but not with the power of voice or splendor of execution which would have justified the story of her having been a prima donna. She had graceful manners and distinction of bearing, but the leading spirits of Little Yafford—Mrs. Dulcimer, Lady Jane Gowry, and an old Mrs. Pynsent—decided that she had not much mind.

"She can only look lovely, my dear, and courtesy in that foreign way of hers which reminds me of my young days, when ladies behaved like ladies, and good manners had not begun to get obsolete," said Lady Jane to her dear Mrs. Dulcimer. "She can only look elegant and sit at her piano and suffer us to admire her, just as we should if she were the Venus de Milo in the Louvre. I don't think she has much more feeling or passion than that one-armed statue, but she is quite lovely, and I suppose that is enough for Mr. Harefield."

Every body agreed that Christian Harefield was devoted to his wife, and that it was a happy marriage. But for his little girl he had evidently no very warm regard. As time went on, and no second baby appeared, the father began to feel himself personally injured by the sex of his only child. She ought to have been a son. Here was the great Harefield property in danger of travelling out of the direct line, and belonging to some spurious Harefield, who should only assume that good old name by royal letters patent. And it seemed to Christian—large-minded and cosmopolitan as he considered himself—that it would be a loss to English society if real Harefields should become extinct in the land. This idea that his daughter was a mistake grew upon him, and by slow degrees began to go hand in hand with another idea, of a far more injurious and dangerous nature, and that was the fancy that his wife loved the child better than she loved him. Those tender maternal caresses which the gentle Italian lavished on her little girl galled her husband almost as much as if he had seen them given to a rival. This was the first arising of that sombre passion which was afterward to turn all his life to poison. He first learned the meaning of jealousy when he sat by his own fireside watching the lovely face opposite him smiling down upon Beatrix. He had never cared for children in the abstract, never had perceived any special poetry or beauty in young lives and small round rosy faces, and he could see nothing to love or admire in Beatrix, who at this stage of her existence was small and sallow—"a little yellow thing, all eyes and mouth," as he himself described her. It was a constant irritation to him to see such blind, unreasoning affection squandered upon so unlovely an object.

He spent one winter and a spring at the Water House, and then carried his wife away with him to Baden, and from Baden went to Florence for the winter, leaving Beatrix in charge of a conscientious and elderly governess at Little Yafford. The child was almost heart-broken at the loss of that loving mother, but no one, except Miss Scales, the governess, knew any thing about it, and Miss Scales wrote Mrs. Harefield cheery letters, telling her that dear little Trix was getting tall and strong, and had just gone into words of two syllables.

Mr. and Mrs. Harefield came back to the Water House and spent the summer and autumn at home, and gave parties, and made themselves generally agreeable. Then came winter and a migration to the South, Beatrix staying behind with Miss Scales as before. This winter she went into words of three syllables, and made small excursions into various foreign grammars, taking to Italian naturally, as a duck hatched by a hen takes to the water.

This kind of life went on till Beatrix was ten, Mr. and Mrs. Harefield's sojourn at the Water House growing briefer each year, and by degrees there arose a feeling in Little Yafford that Mr. and Mrs. Harefield were not quite the happiest couple in the world, that there were more clouds than sunshine in that small home circle. These things make themselves known somehow. It was hinted that there were quarrels. Mrs. Harefield had a distressed look sometimes. Beatrix was not so often found in the drawing-room with her mother when people called. Good-natured Mrs. Dulcimer discovered that the little girl was always cooped up in the school-room, or sent out for dreary walks with her governess, and felt herself called upon to interfere and draw Mrs. Harefield's attention to this neglect of maternal duty; but Mrs. Harefield, mildly graceful as she was at all times, received the remonstrance with a placid dignity which rebuked the good-natured busybody.

There was trouble of some kind evidently at the Water House, but no one in Little Yafford could ever get face to face with the skeleton. Italian friends of Mrs. Harefield's appeared upon the scene, but Little Yafford was not invited to meet these foreigners. Then came autumn, and another migration to warmer lands, and this time Miss Scales and Beatrix went with the travellers.

"That is more as it should be," said Mrs. Dulcimer, triumphantly. "So you see, after all, Clement, my remonstrance had some effect."

"If ever I find that any act of interference with other people's conduct of their own affairs has a good effect, I will reverse the whole theory of morals which I have made for myself in relation to my neighbor," answered Mr. Dulcimer, with unaccustomed energy.

This last journey was fatal. Six weeks after the travellers left the Water House, Little Yafford was startled by the tidings of Mrs. Harefield's death. She had died suddenly at a little road-side inn among the mountains—the loneliest spot of earth she could well have found for life's closing scene. She had gone there alone with her husband on their way from Naples to Reggio, leaving Beatrix and her governess at Naples. Mr. Harefield was distracted, and had gone off to wander no one knew where, after sending his child and the governess home to the Water House. Little Beatrix appeared there by-and-by, a silent and almost ghost-like child, whose small face looked unnaturally white above the dense blackness of her frock.

"It's absolutely heart-rending to see a Christian gentleman's child look so like one's idea of a vampire," exclaimed compassionate Mrs. Dulcimer, and she tried to lure the little girl to the Vicarage with a view to petting and making her happy; but Miss Scales guarded her pupil as jealously as if she had been a griffin in a fairy tale keeping watch and ward over an enchanted princess.

It was the universal opinion in Little Yafford—a kind of foregone conclusion—that Mr. Harefield would wander for years, and return to the Water House after a decade or two with long gray hair and a bent backbone, and the general appearance of a pilgrim. He disappointed every body's expectations by coming back early in the spring and taking up his abode permanently in the grave old house, which now put on that mantle of silence and gloom which had never been lifted from it since.

Under this shadow of gloom, encircled by this perpetual silence and monotony, Beatrix had grown from childhood to womanhood. You could hear the dropping of the light wood ashes in a distant room as you stood in the hall at the Water House, or the chirping of a winter robin in the garden outside the windows, or the ticking of the dining-room clock; but of human voice or motion there was hardly any thing to be heard. The kitchens and offices were remote, and the servants knew the value of good wages and a comfortable home too well to let any token of their existence reach Mr. Harefield's ears. The master of that silent house sat in his library at the end of the low corridor, and read, or smoked, or mused, or wrote in solitude. Sometimes he took his daily ride or walk, in all weathers, for months at a stretch; at other times he would remain for several weeks without leaving the house. He received no guests; he visited no one—having taken the trouble, immediately after his return, to let people know that he had come to the Water House in search of solitude and not sympathy.

Scratchell, his lawyer and agent, and Mr. Namby, the family doctor, were the only two men freely admitted to his presence, and of these he saw as little as possible. He allowed Isabella Scratchell to be with his daughter as much as Beatrix pleased to have her, but he never sat at meals with them or honored them with his society. His hours were different from theirs, and they had Miss Scales to take care of them. What could they want more?

One day, when Beatrix was between sixteen and seventeen, Mrs. Dulcimer met the misanthrope in one of his solitary walks on the Druids' moor, and ventured—not without inward fear and trembling—to attack him on the subject of his daughter's solitary life.

"It must be very dull for Beatrix at the Water House," she said.

"I dare say it is, madam," answered Christian Harefield, with austere civility; "but I don't mind that. Dullness is good for young women—in my opinion."

"Oh, but dear Mr. Harefield," cried the vicar's wife, emboldened by his politeness, "but there you differ from all the rest of the world!"

"I have not generally found the rest of the world so wise, my dear madam, as to distress myself because its opinions and mine happen to be at variance."

Mrs. Dulcimer felt herself baffled. This stony urbanity was too much for her. But she remembered Beatrix's pale, joyless face as she had seen it in the chancel pew last Sunday, and made one more heroic effort.

"Mr. Harefield, I am not going to ask you to change your own habits—"

"That would be wasted labor, madam."

"Or to ask people to the Water House—"

"I would not do my friends so great a wrong."

"But you might at least let Beatrix come to me. We are very quiet people at the Vicarage—Clement absorbed in his books, I in my work-basket. There would be no gayety for her; but there would be the change from one house to another; and we lie higher—you must be damp at the Water House. I know Beatrix has suffered from neuralgia—"

"A new fashion among young ladies, like the shape of their bonnets. I never heard of it when I was young."

"Oh, it was called toothache then; but it was just as excruciating. Then you really will let her come," pursued Mrs. Dulcimer, pretending to make sure of his consent.

"Clement Dulcimer is a gentleman I greatly respect, and you are the most amiable of women. I can not see why I should forbid my daughter coming to you if you like to be troubled with her. But I must make it a condition that you do not take her any where else—that she is to come to your house and yours alone."

"Most assuredly. I shall consider your wishes upon that point sacred," protested Mrs. Dulcimer, delighted with her success.

She called on Beatrix the next day, and carried her off to the Vicarage. The girl had been carefully educated by conscientious Miss Scales, and knew every thing that a girl of her age is supposed to know, except the theory of music. She could have enlightened the vicar about latitude and longitude, and the subjunctive mood in various languages. But she had all the deficiencies and peculiarities of a girl whose life had been lonely. She was proud and shy—what the vicar called *farouche*—and it was a long time before her new friends could set her at ease. But when she did expand, they grew very fond of her, and that new life at the Vicarage was like the beginning of her youth. She had never felt herself young before. Miss Scales's prim perfection had been like a band of iron about her life. Her father's gloom and hardness had weighed upon her like an actual burden. She had waked in the night sobbing, roused from some dim strange dream of an impossible happiness by the recollection that she had a father who had never loved her, who never would love her.

This hardness of her father's had gradually hardened her feelings toward him. She had left off hoping for any change in him, and with the cessation of hope came a stream of bitterness which overwhelmed every sweet and filial sentiment. As she grew from child to woman, her memories of the past took a new shape. Well-remembered scenes acted themselves over again before her mental vision under a new and more vivid light. She began to see that there had been unhappiness in her mother's life, and that her father had been the cause of it—that the cloud had always come from him.

Brief episodes of that by-gone life flashed back upon her with a cruel distinctness. She remembered herself leaning on her mother's shoulder one evening, as Mrs. Harefield sat at the drawing-room piano weaving the sweet tangle of Italian melody she loved so well. It was a summer twilight, and the windows were all open, the garden was full of roses, the river shining under the setting sun.

She remembered her father's coming in suddenly and walking up to the piano. He took her by the wrist with a hard, strong hand that hurt her a little.

"Go to your governess," he said; "I want to talk to your mother."

And then, before she could reach the door, she heard him say,

"So you have seen Antonio again."

Those words haunted her curiously now that she was growing a woman. Who was Antonio? She could remember no one in the history of her life to whom that name belonged. It was an Italian name—the name of one of those Italian friends of her mother's who came and went, in those memory pictures, like figures in a dream. She could not distinguish one from the other. They had all pale dark faces, like ivory that had been shut from the light, and dark gleaming eyes, and hair like the shining wings of the rooks in the tall old elm tops yonder. But she could not recall any one of them who had impressed her—a wondering child of seven—more than the rest.

Yes, there was one—the one who sang so beautifully. She could remember sitting on her mother's lap one evening before dinner—the room dimly lighted—no one present but her mother and the Italian gentleman. She remembered his sitting at the piano and singing—church music—music that thrilled her, till, in a nervous ecstasy, she burst into tears, and her mother soothed her and carried her away, saying something to the strange gentleman in Italian as she went toward the door, and he got up from the piano and came to them and stopped on the threshold to bend down and kiss her, as she had never been kissed before in all her life. She could remember the kiss now, though it was ten years ago.

And he said something in Italian, something that seemed half sorrow and half anger.

Was that Antonio?

Her mother's rooms had never been opened by any one but Christian Harefield since his return to the Water House after that last fatal journey. There was something ghostly in the idea of those three rooms facing the river, those three locked doors in the long oak gallery. Beatrix passed those sealed doors always with a thrill of pain. If her mother had but lived, how different, how different life would have been for her! There would have been sorrow, perhaps—for she knew there had been sorrow in the last year of her mother's life—but they two would have shared it. They would have clung to each other closer, loved each other more fondly, because of the husband and father's unkindness.

"What would papa matter to me if I had mamma?" she thought. "He would be only a gloomy person coming in and out like the dark brief night which comes in and out among the summer days. We should not have minded him. We should have accepted him as a part of nature—the shadow that made our sunshine brighter."

Often and often she sat on the bench on the river terrace, leaning back with her arms folded above her head, looking up at those seven blank windows, darkly shuttered—three windows for the spacious old bedroom; one for the narrow dressing-closet; three for the pretty morning-room which she remembered dimly—a white paneled room, with pale blue curtains all worked with birds and flowers in many-colored silks, black and gold Japanese cabinets, a tall chimney-piece with a curious old looking-glass above it let into the wall, pictures, and red and blue china jars, a faint odor of pot-pourri, a piano, a frame for Berlin wool work, with a group of unfinished roses that never seemed to grow any bigger.

"Dear room," she said, "to think that I should live so near you, pass your door every day, and yet remember you so faintly—as if you were a dream!"

Once a curious fancy flushed upon her as she sat in the evening glow looking up at these windows.

"Perhaps Antonio's picture is in that room."

She had just recollected a miniature in a velvet case, which she had opened one day—the picture of a gentleman. She had only glanced at it, when her mother took the case from her and put it away. The complexion was more beautiful than Antonio's—supposing the gentleman who sang the church music to have been Antonio—but then people's complexions in portraits are generally superior to the reality.

Kind as her friends at the Vicarage were, Beatrix never talked to them of these old memories. The past was a sealed book. Not for worlds could she have spoken of it—not even to Isabella, with whom she conversed as freely, in a general way, as a little girl talks to her doll.

The new home life at the Vicarage brightened her wonderfully. Her reserve wore off as she grew accustomed to that friendly household. She was enraptured with Mr. Dulcimer's library; her father's book-shelves being as inaccessible for her as the Vatican. Here, on the vicar's well-stocked shelves, she found those Italian poets her mother must have loved—prose writers, too—quaint old romances, in white vellum, on curious ribbed paper, printed at Venice two hundred years ago. She spent many an hour sitting on a hassock in the sunny bay-window, with a pile of those old Italian books on the floor beside her, while the vicar sat at his big table annotating Berkeley, or, making excursions into the world of science.

Here she read the *Bridgewater Treatises*, and got her first grand idea of the universe. Here her young mind soared away from the narrow track along which Miss Scales had conducted it, and entered the regions of poetry and delight. And here—in this sunny old room, with its walls of books and its shabby heterogeneous furniture—young Love took her by the hand and led her across the threshold of his wonder-world. Here she first met Cyril Culverhouse, and learned how fair a thing piety may seem in a bright young soul, eager to do some good in its generation. Religion hitherto, as interpreted by Miss Scales, had appeared to her a hard and difficult business, which no one could take to except under severest pressure—a system of punishments and penances invented for the torment of mankind. But in Cyril's teaching how different it all seemed! Religion became a sentiment to live or die for; without it happiness or peace of mind seemed impossible.

"Your mamma belonged to the old faith, perhaps," he said, one day, when they were talking of High and Low Church.

Beatrix gave a faint shiver.

"I don't know," she answered, sadly. "Mamma never talked to me about religion. I was too young, perhaps."

Cyril found her curiously ignorant of all that was most vital in religion, and his first interest in her arose from this very ignorance of hers. He was so glad to set her right, to get her out of the narrow Scales track—Miss Scales being essentially Low-Church, and scenting Roman encroachment in an anthem or a surplice. The interest soon deepened, but he could hardly have told when it first grew into love. Perhaps that might never have come if Beatrix's fresh young soul had not gone out to meet his unawares, so that ere he knew himself a lover he found himself beloved.

The thought was full of rapture, for at this stage of their friendship she seemed to him the most perfect among women—the lovely embodiment of youth and innocence, and noble yearnings, truthfulness, purity—all things fair and holy. But the consideration that she was Christian Harefield's heiress dashed his joy. He saw himself in advance branded, in the sight of men, as the clerical adventurer who, under the guise of religion, had pushed his own fortune.

Then it was—while it was still a new thing for them to talk of their mutual love—that he told Beatrix her father must be informed of their attachment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JUNE.

Sunday, 10.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Monday, 11.—St. Barnabas.
Sunday, 17.—Third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist; Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Friday, 29.—St. Peter.

The Baptists have gone for the celebration of their national anniversaries to Providence, Rhode Island, where their first church in North America was organized in 1639. From being a people much persecuted, they have grown to be the second in numbers of American Protestantism. They have now 1005 associations, 22,934 churches, 13,354 ministers, 1,932,300 communicants, 10,015 Sunday-schools, and 750,307 Sunday-school scholars. The contributions for 1876 for all purposes were $4,698,352. Nine theological seminaries, 33 colleges and universities, and 42 seminaries carry forward the work of education. There are fifty denominational periodicals, of which three are German and one is Welsh. The first anniversary day was devoted to foreign missions. The treasurer reported that the receipts for the year were $225,723, and the expenditures, $242,949. This deficit, with the old debt, makes a total balance against the treasury of $47,367.

The Northern Presbyterian Assembly, which opened its sessions for this year in Chicago May 17, elected the Rev. Dr. James Eels Moderator. The question of reduced representation came up on the report of the committee appointed last year, and was made the order of the day for Monday, May 21. During the first days the usual reports and motions were presented. In the list of the commissioners to the Assembly many well-known names will be missed. The Presbyterian Alliance, which meets at Edinburgh July 4, has taken a number of the leaders of American Presbyterianism to Scotland.

The Methodist and Methodist Protestant Conventions, which met in Baltimore early in May, succeeded in effecting the reunion of the Churches represented by them. Thus one more of the breaches made by our civil war is healed. The two Churches were once the Methodist and the Methodist Protestant Church; after their separation the Northern wing took the name of "Methodist." After the completion of reunion, the joint Convention remained in session for some time, revising the Discipline and Hymn-Book. It was agreed to accept the overture of the Methodist Episcopal General Conference for a Pan-Methodist Council.

The managers of the great English charitable societies complain, as we do, that the commercial depression has been felt in a decrease of contributions. The falling off in receipts has not, however, been as great as with us. The Wesleyan Missionary Society has had for the year an income of £146,231, and has expended £164,195. The Church Missionary Society received in 1876 £190,693, and expended £210,859. At the evening meeting of the society's anniversary, Bishop Crowther, of Africa, presided. At the Triennial Conference of the Liberation Society, the Executive Committee reported that £42,000 of the proposed fund of £100,000 had been collected. This society claims that the Nonconformists of England have 28,000 chapels, and raise £6,000,000 annually for religious purposes. The United Methodist Free Churches reported an income of £17,000. This body has now 1548 chapels and preaching rooms, and 71,317 members. The English Baptist Foreign Missionary Society has received for the year £38,359, and expended £38,330. The total increase in the annual receipts was £5157. One of the most interesting of the anniversaries was that of the London Young Men's Christian Association. The first report, issued November 8, 1844, showed 70 members enrolled. There are now in England 217 associations, 10 of which were formed during the last year. In London and its suburbs there are 28; in the whole United Kingdom, 291. There are in Belgium 18 associations; in France, 43; in Germany, 242; in Holland, 294; in Italy, 6; in Spain, 4; in Sweden, 3; in Switzerland, 140. The number in the United States and Canada is nearly equal to that of all Europe, being 982. There are stated to be 2143 Young Men's Christian Associations in the whole world.

The General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church of the United States met this year in Sparta, Illinois. The charitable boards of the Assembly have suffered greatly from the financial trials of the times. The Foreign Mission Board will, however, close the year without debt. It is probable that the mission to China will be abandoned, and that to Egypt, which is very prosperous, strengthened. Among the subjects to be discussed by the Assembly is the repeal of that rule of the Directory for worship which forbids the use of instrumental music.

The Western Unitarian Conference held its quarter-centennial session at Toledo, Ohio, beginning May 15. The opening sermon was preached by the Rev. Henry M. Simmons, of Wisconsin, on the "Unity of the Faith." The historical address, reviewing the work of twenty-five years, was read by the Rev. A. A. Livermore, president of the Theological School, Meadville, Pennsylvania.

The General Synod of the disestablished Church of Ireland adjourned on May 1, after a session of fifteen days, mostly spent in the revision of the Prayer-Book. On the last day the third reading of the resolution to bring the revised liturgy with the preface into operation in June, 1878, was before the Synod. On its final passage there were 94 clerical and 137 lay votes for, and 10 clerical and 3 lay votes against. More than the necessary two-thirds, therefore, voted in its favor. The two archbishops, who had voted against this measure during its earlier stages, were absent at the time.

The Duke of Richmond's Burials Bill, which offers to English Dissenters the privilege of a silent funeral service in the parish church-yards, passed to a second reading in the House of Lords, by a vote of 141 to 102. The smallness of the majority has greatly encouraged the opponents of the bill. Lord Granville moved an amendment declaring that no measure will be satisfactory which does not enable the relatives or friends of a deceased person to bury in the parish yard with such Christian services as may to them seem appropriate. Both the archbishops, though they voted for the government bill, declared that it would not, in their opinion, give satisfaction. Lord Granville told, in the course of his speech, this strange story: "Some years ago Sir Morton Peto, a Baptist, purchased a large estate in Norfolk. In the interests of his Church of England tenants, he created and endowed, at the expense of many thousand pounds, a national church and church-yard. Soon after the consecration of the church-yard he lost a beloved daughter. He was obliged to carry his daughter's corpse many miles to a strange cemetery, because it was not allowable for him to bury her with the funeral rites of the Baptists in the grave-yard which he had given to the state Church."

The British and Foreign Bible Society held its anniversary in Exeter Hall on Wednesday, May 2. The income of the past year was £206,978, and the expenditure, £212,408. The issues of Bibles and Testaments for the year reached the total of 2,670,742 copies, making an aggregate during the seventy-three years of the society's existence of 79,103,465 copies. A large distribution has been made in Turkey, 28,000 copies having been circulated by the Turkish agency; 270,000 copies have been purchased in Russia. The society's operations extend to Africa, the Canary and Cape Verd Islands, China, and Japan. The report of the society defended the practice of circulating in Roman Catholic countries translations from the Latin Vulgate. "We would as soon," it says, "refuse water to a dying man because it was not filtered, or bread to the starving because it was not made of the finest of wheat."

The eighty-third anniversary of the London Missionary Society, which is Nonconformist, was held in Exeter Hall, May 10. Lord Northbrook, late Viceroy of India, presided. The income of the year was £63,664; special contributions to the amount of nearly £11,000 have been received during the past two years for the Central African mission. There is a deficiency to be met of £3848. In his address Lord Northbrook spoke decidedly against the policy of a state establishment in the English colonies. He said, "I entertain the strongest opinion that in endeavoring to extend the blessings of Christianity over the length and breadth of the world, it is not wise to bind native Christians to any particular form of church government."

At a meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Mission Board, held May 16, the treasurer, Rev. Dr. Nelson, reported that the debt, April 30, 1876, was $166,082, and on April 30, 1877, $108,619, being a reduction within the year of $57,463.

Bishop James Theodore Holly, of Hayti (Protestant Episcopal), reports, under date of April 24, that the school to the founding of which many American Christians have contributed went into operation May 26, 1876, under the name of the "Institute of the Antilles." At the examination by the State Board last December, the progress made by the pupils was highly approved. It will be remembered that Bishop Holly was consecrated a few years since by the Protestant Episcopal bishops of this country.

Seventy-one Italian prelates have demanded the royal *exequatur*, which must be had before they can enjoy the incomes of their sees. Twenty-two have had favorable answers, and have been installed; six have been refused on the ground that their sees are in the gift of the crown. These prelates must renounce the papal and accept a royal nomination. Several have already obtained the necessary permission from the Pope.

The many friends of the Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens, of New York, will be gratified to learn that he has become the pastor of the American Union Chapel at Geneva, Switzerland. He succeeds in this position the Rev. Leonard W. Bacon. Dr. Stevens has been in poor health for several years, but is gradually recuperating. His culture, eloquence, and catholicity will make this selection a very gratifying one to the many American Christians who visit Geneva in the course of their travels.

Two daily Catholic papers are talked of—one in Montreal, another in St. Louis. In the latter city the purchase of the *Times* is proposed.

The Religious Tract Society of London held its seventy-eighth anniversary on May 4. The Earl of Shaftesbury presided. There were issued during the year 456 new publications, of which 122 were tracts. The total issues of the year were 51,958,571, more than half of which were tracts; the total issues since the foundation of the society have been 1,720,000,000. The receipts for 1876 were £152,529, which is an increase over the preceding year. The venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, which is composed of members of the state Church, celebrated this year its one hundred and seventy-sixth anniversary. The total income from all sources for 1876 was £136,906. There are now sixty-two colonial and missionary bishoprics, and in forty-two of them the society employs 533 missionaries. They are thus distributed: 132 are in Asia, 112 in Africa, 63 in Australia and the adjacent islands, 225 in America and the West Indies, and 1 in Europe. The society also has 800 catechists and lay native teachers in its service, and supports 200 college students in countries foreign to England.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An American lady coming from Canada assured the customs officer that she had nothing but wearing apparel in her trunk; but he went to the bottom of the article and found a dozen bottles of brandy stowed away. "Madam," demanded he, sternly, "do you call these wearing apparel?" "Yes," the lady demurely replied; "they are my husband's 'night-caps.'"

Cleveland young women write comments on the margins of the library novels they read. One emotional creature writes, "The pangs of love are grate i have been there my self."

"Can there be any thing brought into this House," asked a disgusted member during the last session of the Legislature, "that will not be repealed sooner or later?" One of the opposition suggested, "A skinned orange."

A Yankee editor wishes no bodily harm to his subscribers, but he hopes that some of them in arrears will be seized with a remittent fever.

Mrs. Partington says that just before the late war circumstances were seen round the moon nightly, shooting-stars perambulated the earth, the desk of the sun was covered with black spots of ink, and comics swept the horizon with their operatic tales. Every body said that it profligated war, and sure enough war did come.

Liked it.—A mother having occasion to reprove her seven-year-old daughter for playing with some rude children, received in reply, "Well, ma, some folks don't like bad company, but I always did."

"William," said Emeline, "what do you see in those wild, wild waves?" "Sea foam," curtly answered William.

At a friendly gathering at Holland House the conversation turned on love. Tom Moore compared it to a potato, because "it shoots from the eyes." "Or rather," exclaimed Byron, "because it becomes less by paring."

One of the acute sayings of a humorist is, "There's a great deal of human nature in horse trading, but few assets."

Bayard Taylor says, "It is a withering commentary upon our modern costume that no sculptor has dared, or ever will dare, to model a statue wearing a stove-pipe hat."

Pete's Amusement.—An elderly darky was inquiring of a policeman if he knew any thing of his son Pete. The policeman replied that there was a young darky in the lock-up for breaking up a prayer-meeting with an axe-handle. "Dat's him!" exclaimed the overjoyed parent; "tole me he was gwine to 'muse hisself."

Scene in trial of a gambling-house case in a Washington (D. C.) police court: "What is poker?" asked the Court—"a game of cards?" "Yes," answered several lawyers at once. "I only wanted to know as a matter of proof," remarked the Court, with a smile at the enlightened lawyers, and the case proceeded.

A Western newspaper—all these things happen in the West—heads its facetious column "Pearls," and casts them before its readers, that the Scripture may be fulfilled.

When a couple go abroad on their bridal tour, could you call it a marrytime excursion?

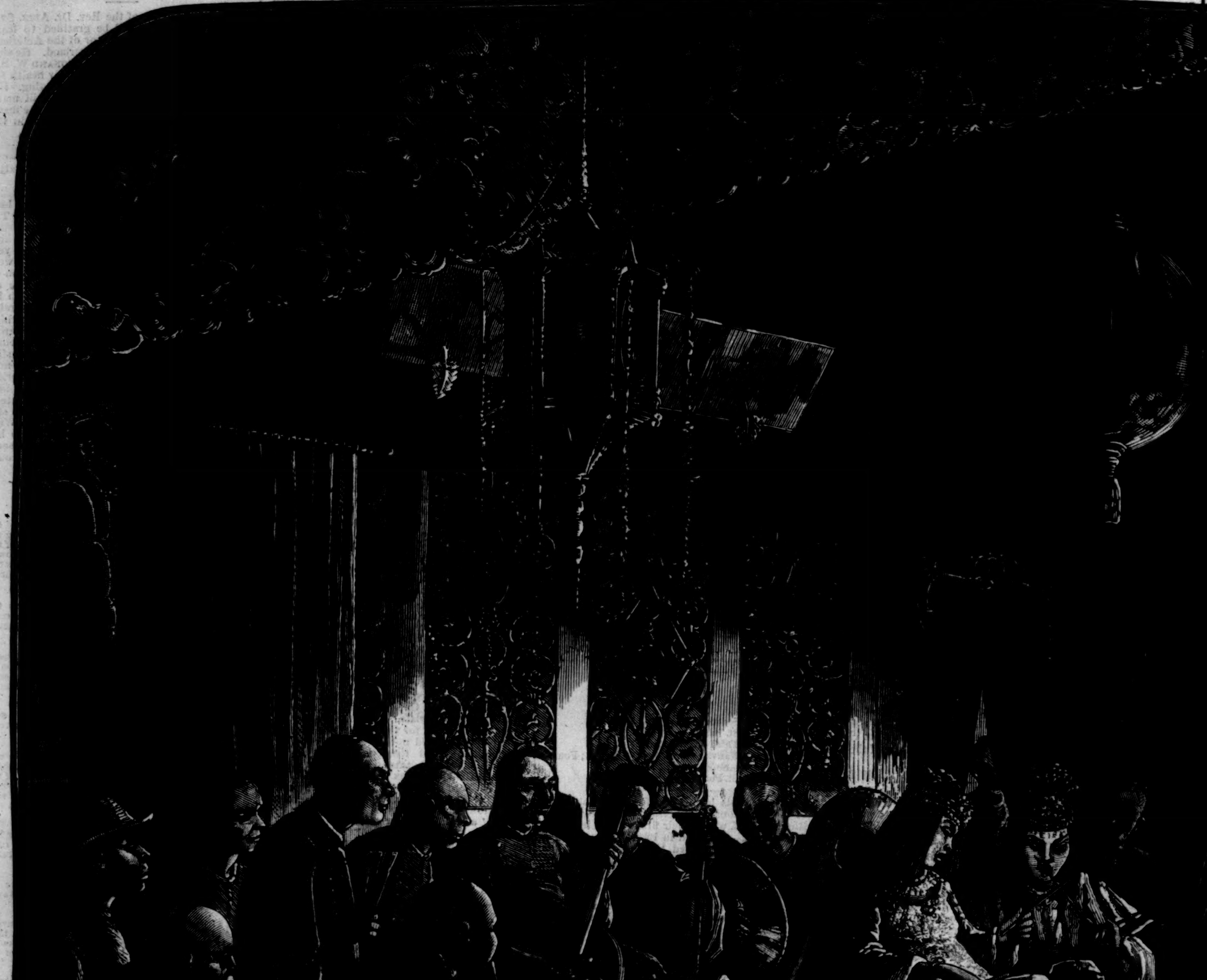
There was some philosophy in the hen-pecked husband who, being asked why he had placed himself so completely under the government of his wife, answered, "To avoid the worse slavery of being under my own."

A man who jumped overboard recently to save his wife from drowning, has explained his action satisfactorily to his friends. He said she had a good deal of jewelry on her person, and gold was high.

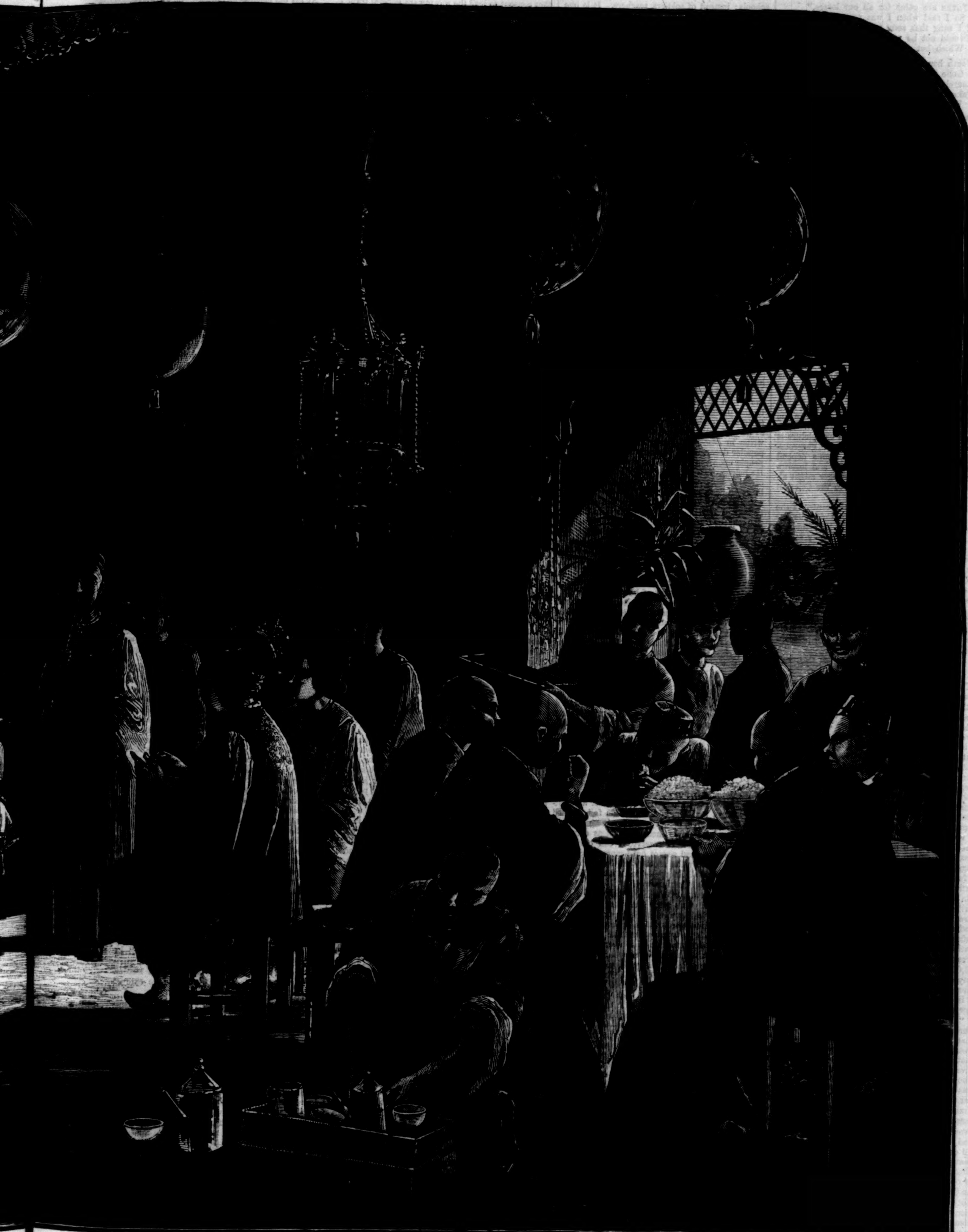
A humorous apothecary in Boston exposes a case of soap in his shop window, with the pertinent inscription, "Cheaper than dirt."

A Scottish blacksmith being asked what was the meaning of metaphysics, replied, "When the party wha listens disna ken what the party wha speaks means, and when the party wha speaks disna ken what he means himsel—that's matapheesics."

Stranger than the "Stranger."—At a theatrical dinner in Edinburgh Sir Daniel Macnee said that many people went to the theatre to have their feelings harrowed. It was a peculiar pleasure, he supposed. For himself, he rather liked to be amused. He felt a little like that old couple that went to a Dublin theatre to have a night's amusement. The great Mrs. Siddons was playing Mrs. Haller, and the poor bodies were kept crying all the evening. At length, at one of the scenes where the great lady came in with her handkerchief again to her eyes, the old man could stand it no longer, and, starting to his feet, cried out, "Ye long-nosed thaif, ye call this divarshun!"



A CHINESE RECEPTION IN SAN FRANCIS



ANCIS O.—Drawn by Paul Frenzeny.—[See Page 446.]

AN OLD SONG REVERSED.

"There are gains for all our losses."
So I said when I was young.
If I sang that song again,
'Twould not be with that refrain,
Which but suits an idle tongue.

Youth has gone, and hope gone with it;
Gone the strong desire for fame.
Laurels are not for the old.
Take them, lads; give Senex gold.
What's an everlasting name?

When my life was in its summer,
One fair woman liked my looks:
Now that Time has driven his plough
In deep furrows on my brow,
I'm no more in her good books.

"There are gains for all our losses?"
Grave beside the wintry sea,
Where my child is, and my heart—
For they would not live apart—
What has been your gain to me?

No; the words I sang were idle,
And will ever so remain:
Death, and Age, and vanished Youth,
All declare this bitter truth,
There's a loss for every gain!

R. H. Stoddard.

A CHINESE RECEPTION.

Our double-page engraving represents the interior of one of the first-class Chinese restaurants in San Francisco, California. A wealthy Chinese merchant gives an entertainment to his friends, at which music, singing, recitations, and a sumptuous bill of fare form the attractions. The dwellings of even the wealthier class of Chinese in San Francisco seldom afford room enough for the entertainment of a large party, and on such an occasion, therefore, the feast is spread in the apartments of some spacious restaurant. The interior of the one represented in our picture is richly decorated with carvings in wood, gorgeously painted and gilded; Chinese lamps depend from the ceiling; quaint paintings and inscriptions adorn the walls; and a stranger might almost fancy himself transported to the Celestial Empire.

The two female musicians in the centre of the drawing are engaged in what the Celestials are pleased to call singing, while they keep time by beating small kettle-drums with ebony sticks. The orchestra, with tom-toms and stringed instruments, keeps up a lively racket, which American ears would find peculiarly annoying.

The table in the corner is set with a luxurious feast of such dishes as suit the Chinese taste. We have the authority of Mr. Wong Ching Foo for the statement that nothing in the shape of dog, cat, or rat is in the bill of fare. The host stands in the middle of the room, enjoying his pipe and seeing that his guests have a pleasant time.

FRANCE AND EUROPE.

The swift and almost secret growth of the French army is one of the most remarkable traits of the European agitation—of the sudden horror of a universal war that has risen upon mankind. It has been apparently the policy of the French government to conceal its military preparations; at least it was commonly said, a few years ago, that its army could not be restored in any moderate period, and that its rulers had laid aside forever the design of reviving its military supremacy. Wise men hoped that the nation had risen to a higher grade of civilization, and would cease to place its notion of glory in the barbarous triumphs of the battle-field. When Germany complained of the French military preparations, it was accused of a desire to oppress its conquered foe; or if any one, warned by the ceaseless tramp of armed men over the Field of Mars, suggested that France was once more arming for a future war—perhaps one of vengeance or fanaticism—he was checked as a fanciful speculator. But suddenly the truth appears. A recent writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* gives the real strength of the French army, and its immense and overwhelming numbers are such as may well sadden those who hoped for better things. In a nation weighed down by an intolerable debt, the greatest known, with a population reaching only 36,000,000, and not increasing, covered with poverty and taxation, the whole number of its soldiers is given as 1,825,000, and of these, one-half, it is said, could be brought into action within a few weeks.

"Is this great force to be used for assailing Germany?" the writer asks; and he concludes that the possession of Metz and the Alsace fortresses must prevent any offensive campaigns on that side, and that the only present value of the French army is for the purpose of self-defense. The seizure of Alsace and Lorraine, he thinks, was an act of profound political wisdom, for they bar the road to Germany. Yet, one must ask, if France collects this vast army only for self-defense, by whom is it endangered? Germany disavows every design of interfering in its affairs, and it is well known that the Germans have lost all desire for another war; they will have none that is not forced upon them. Nor, certainly, does England threaten France, for England is the leader of the peace party among nations, except when an Oriental power disturbs her Indian rule. Nor does there seem the slightest cause for the creation of the vast army of Frenchmen, unless for some foreign war. It is an absurd, it is an enormous, waste of the resources of a suffering nation; it ravishes from the working-men their few comforts, and covers with intolerable taxation a land that might be made the most productive of all. With a small army—a mere national police—France might easily escape some of its heaviest burdens, and apply its chief resources to the cultivation of its people. Instead of camps, it wants schools; instead of soldiers, teachers. It is one of the most ignorant of nations, and apparently untaught by the lessons of endless revolutions and incredible misfortunes, it still places its hopes of greatness in foreign conquests and endless wars.

Victor Hugo and the republicans—even the French ministry—unite in crying out for peace; and no one has more clearly painted the intense sufferings of the working classes under the rule of ambitious princes than the chief of French novelists and poets. Against offensive war, Victor Hugo exclaims in the name of industry, humanity, and progress. Yet still the fact appears that within a few years the expenditure of France upon its army has been almost incredible. Of its annual outlay of $500,000,000, nearly one-third is wasted upon fortifications, instruments of destruction, and the support of men, the flower of its youth, who are each year taken from the ploughshare and the factory to live in idleness, dissipation, and the expectation of some horrible catastrophe. The garrison of Paris consists of 120,000 soldiers. Nearly $50,000,000 have recently been expended in France upon barracks alone. The eastern frontier has been barred by a new chain of forts. The number of soldiers actually in the field is over 400,000. Von Moltke complains, with justice, that France, in the midst of its professions of peace, has a larger army and a greater war expenditure than Germany, and points with natural suspicion to her forces concentrating on the German frontiers. It is, indeed, difficult to conceive why the intelligent republicans of France, who have long declared their resolution to enter upon no new war, who see that the existence of the republic rests upon the preservation of peace—why Simon, Gambetta, and Victor Hugo should never have protested against the wasteful outlay of the government upon its military force, or demanded the return of the long lines of hardy conscripts to the plough. What has the French republic to do with foreign war? Has it not woes enough at home to alleviate, errors to amend? A Tory writer in *Blackwood*, the symbol of reaction and popular decay, may well congratulate the French people upon the growth of their enormous army. He belongs to a school of reaction. An army is often of use—an instrument of economy—even in republics; and had we possessed a proper national force before the breaking out of the rebellion of 1861, had not our forts been dismantled and the country undefended, the few madmen who plunged the nation into civil war might easily have been repressed. A suitable garrison in Charleston Harbor, at Vicksburg, or New Orleans, would have saved endless disasters. We pay $100,000,000 interest on our national debt, $29,000,000 in pensions to the soldier or his family, and an endless list of burdens in all parts of the land, because an incompetent government suffered its army to sink into neglect. The immediate cause of the rebellion was the want of a sufficient army. Our country is impoverished, embarrassed, divided, because sixteen years ago its President was without a sufficient force to make the national authority supreme. The yearly tax of $130,000,000 imposed upon us by the recent rebellion is a burden from which a few well-trained soldiers might easily have saved us. But the French republicans seem not satisfied with a moderate military force, or even to set any bounds to their ambition. They have never followed our example of reducing our army to suit the wants of the country, and keeping only a sufficient guard over our immense domain. They are as careless of the welfare of the working classes as a Napoleon or a Louis XIV. If France persists in its mad attempt to become once more a great military power, its people will again sink into starvation, its industry perish under a frightful load of taxation, and the nation fall, divided and overpowered, before its foes. With a standing army of 400,000 men, a ceaseless conscription, and a limitless reserve, it can only pass through those sad scenes once more which have made its history the most painful and the most interesting of all Europe—the most terrible of all the narratives of human woe.

To one portion of the French alone the enormous growth of its army can seem satisfactory, and the clerical faction still hope to arouse once more the military ardor of their people. It is the custom of this party to speak of the republic with a sneer, as if it were a fiction soon to be swept away amidst the shock of a general war; as if education, knowledge, progress, were to perish amidst a general reaction, and France assume once more its place at the head of Europe as the champion of the Church. Bonapartists, legitimists, priests, and nobles unite in this sanguinary vision. By a sudden revulsion the desperate men—brave, loyal, or superstitious—who surround and perhaps control M'Mahon, hope to seize upon the government. In private they openly proclaim, in public they indicate, their purpose by indiscreet measures. "Your republic," cries the Bonapartist Cassagnac, "is a mockery, a delusion." It is M'Mahon, the Church, and the army, the reactionary faction asserts, that form the real government of France; and in spite of the immense majorities that condemn the clerical movement in the Assembly, and of the frequent checks imposed upon it by the President himself, a hidden alarm exists among all the friends of peace lest these fancies may prove true. One thing is plain: France shows no design of diminishing its army. With one backward step it might give peace to Europe. One pledge that it ceased to plan conquest or revenge would relieve Germany and Italy from many a burden. It is because France arms and is seething with military preparation, Von Moltke asserts that his country is forced to guard anew the shores of the Rhine, and the rich cities that have so often trembled before a Gallic invader. It is because France is becoming a centre of clerical reaction that Italy is forced to defend once more the passes of the Alps.

With the republicans of France would seem to rest the future hope of European peace. Could they consent to lead the way toward general tranquillity, and assure Europe of their sincerity, they would confer upon mankind a signal good. Victor Hugo and Gambetta, Simon and Raspail, apparently hold in their hands the fate of the industrial classes for ages. The public conscience of nations will hold them responsible for the way in which they conduct themselves. No true republican fosters the horrible spirit of warfare. Nor does France need a million of soldiers. Over our own country—an immense domain—25,000 men and their skillful commanders are almost sufficient to maintain the public peace. Our small national police is incessantly busy from the borders of Mexico to the confines of Minnesota. But France, with its swarming garrisons and its tramp of myriads, threatens the peace of Europe, and affords the only ground on which clerical intrigue can carry out its fanatical project of a general crusade.

Marshal M'Mahon has at last dismissed his liberal ministry with every mark of contempt. "I," he is reported to have said to the deposed minister—"I am of the Right." "And I," answered Jules Simon, "am of the Left." It remains to be seen on which side the suffrages of the immense army incline, and whether the mad throng of nobles, priests, and Bourbons will be able once more to defeat the will of the people and enslave France. If they succeed, education must perish, liberty of conscience and freedom die together, and the cause of knowledge and of humanity receive a fatal wound in Europe.

Eugene Lawrence.

THE TIME OF ROSES.

CHAPTER VIII.

If, unknown to herself, any hope had lingered in Bethel's heart that things might come right in time, she undeceived herself now. That she loved him—had loved him for a long time—she did not attempt to deny to herself; but she resolutely put that misplaced love on one side, and tried faithfully to live it down.

She was so glad to be at home again. She felt more like her own self than she had done for months, when the country people stopped her civilly and asked after her health—when she put aside her Paris fineries, and, in her old blue serge dress, rowed the *Persephone* up the river, and drifted down in the late spring afternoon. Mrs. Clithero was glad they had come home also, when she noticed the old ringing notes coming back into Bethel's sweet young voice, that rose again so often into the wild songs that, abroad, she had almost forgotten.

So the time passed on, uneventfully through May and June, into the month of roses; and a rose among roses, Bethel Clithero bloomed and blossomed among the Craighill flowers—wasting her sweetness, as her mother sometimes thought regretfully, on the desert air.

"If Jim or some one could only see her now," Mrs. Clithero said to herself on a certain day early in July, "I am sure they would fancy each other—now Philip is married. Jim always admired her, I know." For Mrs. Clithero, you see, was unaware of that evening's work, at which the moon had been the only looker-on.

The girl who inspired this sudden burst of eloquence in Mrs. Clithero's heart was standing meanwhile by the shrubbery gate, recalling a very different scene to poor Jim's boyish love-making—thinking of a proud man accepting his sentence haughtily; of a girl, angry, willful, passionate, throwing away her happiness; of a broken and soiled lily lying between them.

"Captain Strachan, Miss Clithero, is in the drawing-room, and mistress 'll be glad if you'll go in." The announcement came with a shock upon Bethel, and unnerved her for the minute. With all her dreams, she had never thought of the possibility of meeting him again face to face; and yet what more probable than that he should come down with his wife to this place that he had always known and liked so well? At any rate, the time had come for her to show her "indifference."

"I will come in a minute," she said, slowly, without raising her head, so that even the girl should not notice the tell-tale blush that deepened her color. "I must go," she repeated to herself, angrily, when the handmaiden's footsteps had died away in the distance, "or he will think I am afraid. But, oh, it *is* hard—it *is* hard!"

It *was* hard—almost harder than, just at that moment, Bethel could bear. However, with her old resolution, she drew herself together, with a great sighing breath, and steadied herself for a desperate plunge. Then, for fear her courage should evaporate by the way, she ran swiftly across the lawn and in at the drawing-room window without pausing to think. She stood for a minute, breathless and beautiful, framed in the oak mullions, with the background of summer sky; and Philip Strachan, rising to meet her, saw a face half defiant, half piteous, turned upon him, and was touched.

"I am glad to see you looking so well, Miss Clithero," he said, gently. "Charlie told us how ill you were abroad."

"Thank you, I am well enough," she answered, brusquely. "Charlie petted me a great deal, but they pulled me through, you see."

He can afford to be kind and sorry for me now, she thought in her miserable heart—but he shall not pity me.

However, she was glad he was alone. She could not have borne to see his wife just yet; she could not even ask after her. And Mrs. Clithero, always nervously anxious to play into her daughter's hands, waited in trembling anxiety for the question that never came.

"Where are you staying, Captain Strachan?" Bethel asked, presently.

"At the old place—the Cottage," he answered. "It is a jolly little place—especially if you are kind enough to give us the run of your garden again, Mrs. Clithero?"

Mrs. Clithero was only too happy to have a chance of doing any one a kindness, and gladly acquiesced; but Bethel's heart hardened at that "us."

"It is too hot to sit in-doors," she said, jumping up suddenly. "Shall we go into the garden?"

"Bethel! Bethel!" remonstrated her mother, in an under-tone—"wait a little."

"I beg your pardon," said Bethel, with quick compunction; "but I have a headache, and Captain Strachan knows me of old."

"Of course I do," said Philip, eagerly, "and I hate sitting still too. We may go out, Mrs. Clithero, may we not?"

"If you will not ask me to go too," said Mrs. Clithero, smiling, but looking anxiously all the time from one face to the other; "and—Bethel—do not stay out too long."

"Oh no," said Bethel. She was so glad that her mother was not coming out with them just now that she would have promised any thing. There was one question she must put to Philip, one answer she must hear, before she went any further.

"Captain Strachan," she said, abruptly, at last, quickening her pace a little, "how is it you came to-day—alone?"

Captain Strachan looked at her curiously for a minute, and half stopped. "Alone!" he echoed. "I do not understand you."

"You *do* understand," flashed out Bethel, angrily, "or you could if you tried to. Why did you not bring over—your wife—to see us?"

"My wife!" he said, with a short laugh. "Have you ever met her?"

"Yes, once," said Bethel, in a low, hurried voice, that perhaps, to a casual looker-on, might not have sounded quite as indifferent as she tried to make it.

"Indeed," he said, quietly, "you are quite mistaken—I have no wife."

"No wife!" said Bethel, lifting a crimson face and startled eyes to his; "but I saw you at Shoreditch."

"I was there certainly, but not my wife. I was seeing my sister off to her yearly penance at my uncle's, and she was crying, I remember, because she would miss a bit of my leave. Are you satisfied now, Miss Clithero, that I have no unacknowledged wife in the background? Am I acquitted?"

"There is no acquittal in the case," said Bethel, trying to hide her confusion by speaking haughtily. "What is it to me, or to you, that I should cross-examine you on any subject? If I made a mistake—and I suppose I did—I am not too proud to own it."

"So I see," said Captain Strachan, quietly; "but, Bethel, you never had a very graceful way of owning a fault. So you admit that you made a mistake as to the wife question?"

Bethel walked on in silence.

"Tell me," she said, suddenly, "did she mind—was she heart-broken?"

"Not at all," he answered, lightly. "Elinor is too proud to break her heart for me, or any man. Besides, it was a foolish engagement, that she had begun to regret already. There was some one else, you see, and there were complications. Let us change the subject," he went on, quickly—"I hate it. Jim is staying at the Cottage with me again, for a day or two. Do you mind his coming over?"

"Not in the least," said Bethel, frankly—that summer evening seemed so long ago. "Won't you both come to dinner this evening? I am sure my mother would have asked you if she had thought of it."

"We will talk about that directly," he answered; "in the mean time let us think of the immediate present. I am going to fetch the *Persephone* and take you for a row."

"Oh, not to-night," cried Bethel, quickly.

"Yes, to-night," he said.

"I said I would not stay out long," she pleaded.

"I will not keep you long," he answered; "but I have a fancy—a foolish fancy, perhaps—to row you up the river, and make believe I am a year younger."

"But Jim," objected Bethel; "what will he do?"

"Never mind Jim," he said, with a sudden flush rising to his face; "he will take care of himself."

Which of them was thinking most, I wonder, as they stepped into the boat, of that evening, months and months ago, when they had parted in such passionate misery? Bethel felt that old memory written so clearly on her face that, when he had thrown off his coat and taken the oars, and was prepared to start, she was still leaning over the side, with the shield of one slender hand between them.

"Will you take an oar?" he said, laughing; "I know you like hard work."

"Thank you, no; I will steer."

"Then make yourself comfortable, Miss Bethel, and be amusing."

"If I can."

"Of course—if you can."

So Bethel went out to meet her fate upon the very river where she had defied it.

They sat in almost entire silence for a little while—a silence which Captain Strachan broke.

"You are sure you have no objection to poor Jim's taking his old place here, Miss Clithero?"

Bethel blushed angrily. She thought it annoying and irritating of Philip to keep reverting to that one confidence, which he ought, in justice to her, to have forgotten long ago.

"I always liked Jim," she said, with unnecessary vehemence, "and I shall like him to the end."

"You have not regretted it, then?" he said, hesitating a little.

Bethel raised her honest eyes to meet his. "When I say no, I generally mean it, Captain Strachan."

"Do you," he said, "always?"

Bethel did not answer.

"Always?" he asked again, bending down closer to her.

"No, not always," she said, almost in a whisper.

"Then I am stronger than you," he answered, with a half-smile: "I make it a rule to stick to what I say."

"But if," said Bethel, defiantly, "you saw that you were wrong, that the thing you had said would wreck your whole happiness, what then?"

"I think I should stick to it even then."

"But if," said Bethel, still vehemently—"if it wrecked other people's happiness too?"

"That is another way of taking it," he said, while he looked steadily down into Bethel's pretty, shining eyes; "but I suppose that if other people's happiness were so involved in mine, there would be faults on both sides, and *she*—a perfectly supposititious she, of course— Bethel, you have dropped the lines! we are drifting to the reeds!"

"Never mind," said Bethel, blushing; "I was listening."

"I am not very edifying or amusing, am I?" he said. "Where was I? Oh, at the *she*, I remember—just where she was to humble herself in the dust before me!"

"You are very hard," said Bethel, after a long pause.

"No, I think not," he answered. "No man likes to run the risk of making two mistakes."

Another pause.

"Captain Strachan," said Bethel, suddenly, "don't look at me, please; look out beyond me—any where: I want to tell you something."

"Where shall I look?" he said. "You are the foreground of the picture, you see, and you catch my eye every minute."

"Never mind me," she cried, impatiently—"look any where, away from my face; I can not speak when you are reading me like a book."

"Do I ever do any thing so impertinent?" he said. "Well, speak on, Miss Bethel; my eyes are beginning to ache already with the dazzle on the water."

In a minute two soft, slim hands were laid upon his, as Bethel leaned forward, breathing quickly.

"Captain Strachan," she said, in the sweet, low voice that he knew he loved better than almost any thing on earth.

"Miss Bethel," he cried, suddenly, "I *must* look down, just for a minute. If these are your hands that I feel, who is steering us, I should like to know? and how long will it be before we come to grief?"

"Nonsense," said Bethel, half crying, and turning her head away from his eager, passionate gaze. "She *has* humbled herself in the dust before you, Philip; and, Philip—forgive her!"

What he answered, no one ever knew except these two; but, when they stepped ashore in the twilight, and went across the lawn side by side, there was such a light about them—such a glory in their eyes—that Jim, who had come on to the terrace to meet them, turned sharply away, and let Mrs. Clithero go out instead.

"They will like to see you first," he said, with his bright, boyish laugh; "they look so jolly and happy."

"Who?" said Mrs. Clithero, looking up bewildered into Jim's flushed face. Then her eyes followed his out on to the terrace, and she saw her daughter Bethel and Philip Strachan coming side by side through the gathering twilight toward her.

For a minute she could hardly see for the glad tears that had rushed to her eyes; the next, she had turned to the grave, sad face above her.

"My dear," she said, gently, "I am so sorry for *you*."

Jim started and flushed. "Thank you," he said; "you are very good; but don't think of me. I don't mean to think of myself. Hush! they are coming."

And so, out of the shadow into the lighted room they came together, and the first hand outstretched to Bethel, the first voice to wish her joy, were Jim's.

For Jim was not thinking of himself to-night.

THE END.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE have already referred to the plan of the proposed aquatic summer school of natural history, which, under the direction of Professor **THEODORE B. COMSTOCK**, of Cornell University, expects to charter a large steamer, and spend the summer around the shores of Lake Superior in the study of the geology and natural history of that region. The steamer will accommodate from seventy-five to one hundred passengers, to be made up of students and professors. Regular instruction will be given in the form of lectures during the voyage, and every facility afforded by the examination of mining localities and the like.

As explained, the vessel will probably start from Cleveland or Detroit on the 7th of July, and proceed thence to Lake Superior, making its full circumnavigation. The coast of Georgian Bay, on Lake Huron, will be investigated on the return voyage. The expense will probably amount to about $125 for each person.

In addition to the aquatic summer school mentioned above, Harvard University announces two special summer courses of instruction, one in zoology and the other in geology. The former will be held at the Museum of Comparative Zoology in Cambridge, and continue six weeks, under Messrs. **W. K. BROOKS** and **WALTER FAXON**. Alcoholic and fresh material will be used as the basis of inquiry, to be supplemented by excursions in the vicinity for the purpose of making collections.

The Summer School of Geology will open in July at the Museum of Comparative Zoology in Cambridge, under the charge of Professor **N. S. SHALER** and Mr. **WILLIAM M. DAVIS**, Jun., and continue six weeks. A fortnight will be spent in introductory work and in short daily excursions. The rest of the time will be divided between the Connecticut Valley, the Berkshire Hills, and either the Helderberg or the Catskill mountains of New York. After the close of the school, should enough students desire it, a tour will be made westward to the meeting of the American Association at Nashville, and to the Mammoth Cave for geological work.

It is said that the most northern telegraph station has recently been opened at Gjesvär, Norway, near the North Cape, in latitude 71° 12'. This is part of the system of telegraphic establishments on the coast of Norway for the purpose of giving information of the movements of the herring and cod.

A new process of obtaining oxygen in abundance consists in causing hypermanganate of potassium to act on binoxide of barium diluted with water. By this process 200 centigrams of oxygen can be obtained for every gram of the substance employed.

It is stated that if strips of new cut lead be shaken up frequently in a bottle of sea-water, no trace of lead can be detected in the water, but the surface of the slips will be found to be coated with an insoluble lead compound. It is therefore supposed that lead pipes may be used in marine aquaria without fear of injury to the inhabitants.

The advocates of women's rights are very exultant at the victory obtained by the admission of women to University College, London, that city having hitherto most stoutly resisted such innovation. It is now stated that degrees will be granted at the University College, and that lady students will be permitted to visit the wards of the Royal Free Hospital. This, it is conceded, is a preliminary to their admission to all the hospitals.

We have already referred to the claims to consideration and straitened circumstances of Mr. **THOMAS EDWARD**, the Scottish naturalist, whose biography has been lately published by **HARPER & BROTHERS**, and it is gratifying to know that the recognition of his merits which he has lately received yields him something more substantial than mere praise. Quite recently he was presented with a purse containing 333 sovereigns.

The fact that meteoric irons resist oxidation, even when exposed for a long time to the atmosphere, has lately been explained by the almost universal presence of nickel in such masses, and **BOUSSINGAULT** has lately been making further experiments on the subject. To his surprise, he ascertained that, with the addition of five, ten, or fifteen per cent. of nickel, the alloy oxidizes much more rapidly than pure iron; but with a proportion as high as thirty-five per cent., there was absolutely no change even in moist air.

An interesting contribution to the known facts in regard to the longevity of birds is furnished by a communication of the German Ornithological Association, in which a member presented an account of an osprey or fish-hawk that had lived for eighty years in captivity in Germany.

It is well known that many of the trade associations in England are very wealthy, and in possession of endowments dating back to very remote antiquity. Quite lately some of these establishments have shown a disposition to do something besides spending their means in getting up expensive dinners and other extravagances, and have placed grants in the hands of various establishments for the prosecution of original research. Among the latest transactions of this kind is the grant, by the Goldsmiths' Company of London, of £1000 to the research fund of the Chemical Society, and of 100 guineas each by the Cloth-workers' Company and the Merchant Tailors' Company to the same establishment.

The Westminster Aquarium of London has lately been enriched by a number of electric eels from the Amazon, which attract much attention from the visitors. Special care was required to keep the water at a proper temperature for their healthy existence, that of about 75° being found most desirable.

The direct appropriations in Great Britain for 1877 for purposes of education, science, and art amount to nearly eighteen million dollars, being an increase of nearly sixfold over those of 1853.

The problem in regard to the introduction of salmon to the antipodes appears to be finally solved satisfactorily, so far as Tasmania is concerned. An article in *Land and Water* of March 21 announces the capture during the previous autumn of several unmistakable specimens of this fish, the largest weighing eight and a half pounds. They have not been submitted to a critical scientific examination, and may possibly yet prove to be some other species. The California salmon sent to New Zealand in 1875 and 1876 are reported as being in excellent condition, some of the rivers in which they were introduced being quite alive with them.

Many facts of interest have lately been brought to light in the observation of the faunas of isolated systems of water. These, while showing to some extent a parallelism to those most adjacent to them, very frequently contain forms purely local. Among the more recent investigations of this kind is that by Professor **KESSLER** into the fauna of Lake Gokcha, situated in the Caucasus, at the height of 6419 feet, entirely surrounded by lofty mountains, and with but a slight drainage. This lake covers an area of 660 square miles, and varies in depth from 150 to 250 feet. There are numerous crustaceans and some gasteropods, the latter similar to those of Europe. It is to the fishes, however, that special interest attaches; and although their number is very great, there are but five species. Three of these belong to the trout family, and are considered new, while of the others, one is most nearly related to a certain Asiatic species, already described from other waters.

The annual report of the Zoological Society of Philadelphia for the year ending March 1, 1877, presents a gratifying account of the prosperity of that establishment. The total receipts at the gate amounted to $151,060, or between fifty and sixty per cent. more than the previous year, being the largest sum ever taken by any similar establishment. This increase was, of course, in large part due to the presence of the Centennial Exhibition; but without it the receipts would probably have amounted to not less than $100,000.

The total number of visitors was 637,296; the largest attendance being on Sunday, October 29, of 20,715, and the smallest, 2, on the 18th of December, 1876. The average daily attendance was 1801, and the average daily receipts were $413 86.

A large expenditure has been made during the year both in the purchase of animals and in the preparations for their reception, several new houses having been constructed, and others being under way. The total receipts of the society from all sources were $224,550; and the total number of animals now in the garden is 1073, embracing many genera and species. The additions during the year have been numerous, and the appropriate committees are arranging for large accessions during the ensuing season.

Dr. **WILLIAM CAMAC** was elected president, and Dr. **JOHN L. LE CONTE**, secretary, Mr. **ARTHUR E. BROWN** still retaining his position as director.

The entire success which has attended the Zoological Society of Philadelphia should encourage the establishment of similar enterprises in other cities, as in ordinary years the attendance is almost entirely local, having generally very few visitors from other places. There is scarcely a city in this country of 200,000 which can not, by following the example of the Zoological Society of Philadelphia, make a beginning in the way of a zoological garden, with or without aquaria attached, and thus greatly increase its resources for amusement and education.

The Philadelphia organization is purely a private undertaking, although provided with grounds by the public authorities, and was first established on a stock subscription of certain shares, for which a payment of six per cent. interest was guaranteed, all the surplus of profits being devoted to the maintenance and increase of the collection. The stockholders have certain privileges, in addition to their six per cent. interest, in the way of admission tickets for themselves and families, and in proportion to the amount of stock held.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SAD reports are received of the suffering and destitution which exist in Northern New York, some parts of New England and of Canada, in consequence of the destructive forest fires which have prevailed. Whole villages have been swept away, families not only being made homeless, but losing every thing, and barely escaping with their lives. The extreme drought, which continued beyond the middle of May, rendered efforts to stay the raging flames or turn their course extremely difficult, and often utterly impossible. Dense clouds of smoke hung like a pall over towns and cities even at a distance from the scenes of desolation. New York State has, perhaps, suffered most from these recent forest fires; but New Hampshire, Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Canada have also been devastated in many sections. Forest fires usually prevail after a season of drought in summer or fall; and such ravages as have occurred this last spring, before the coming of the hot, dry weather of summer, are very exceptional.

By a royal warrant from Queen Victoria the decorations styled the Albert medal, first and second class, are to be extended to cases of gallantry in saving life on land. Hitherto they have been conferred in cases of bravery at sea. The medals are to be awarded on the recommendation of the First Lord of the Treasury "to those who, in saving or endeavoring to save the lives of others from accidents in mines, on railways or at fires, or other peril within our dominions other than perils of the sea, have endangered their lives." The medal of the first class is to be a gold oval-shaped badge, enameled in crimson, with a monogram composed of the letters V. and A. in gold, surrounded by a garter in bronze, inscribed in raised letters of gold, "For gallantry in saving life on land," surmounted by a representation of the Prince Consort crown, and suspended from a crimson ribbon in four white longitudinal stripes. The medal of the second class will be of bronze. The heroic rescuers of the miners imprisoned by the recent colliery inundation at Troedyrhiw, Wales, will receive these medals.

The Boston Board of Health has succeeded in bringing before the criminal courts of the city five cases of adulteration of candy. The persons accused are charged with using unwholesome ingredients in their confectionery. But it is hoped the result of the trial will be *wholesome* to the public.

In the Botanical Museum of Cornell University a curious plant is in blossom. The leaf rises from a large, solid bulb to the height of five or six feet, and then spreads out like a large umbrella, having a circumference of fifteen feet or more. The flower is of a dark brown color, curiously mottled with green and purple, and is more than fifteen inches in circumference. This plant should be commended to the attention of the Park Commissioners as suitable to be located close by the seats in the various parks of the city.

The Board of Directors of the Permanent Exhibition have unanimously resolved not to open the Exhibition to the public on Sunday. A majority of the exhibitors are opposed to opening on that day, while others, who desire it, are unwilling it should be done unless they are allowed to sell goods to cover expenses.

It is understood that Mr. Ross, the father of the long-missing Charley, has given his consent to an offer made public recently by Mr. P. T. Barnum, namely, an offer of $10,000 for the return of the lost child, with a pledge not to attempt to discover the identity of the persons connected with his abduction or concealment, and to abandon all efforts to bring them to punishment. The formal offer details arrangements for the security of persons who may return the boy. The parents of the lost Charley, still believing him to be living, and all other hopes failing them, unite in this pledge. In case of his restoration, a proposition was made to exhibit him to the public; but that will remain in the option of the parents.

April 20 was set apart by the people of Minnesota as a day of prayer with reference to the plague of grasshoppers. It was regarded as a providential response to their petitions when a severe snow-storm fell a day or two later.

Certain portions of India inundated by the great storm wave of last October are now ravaged by cholera and pestilence superinduced by the miasma from the decomposition of the multitude of men and cattle that perished at that time.

At the recent launch of the new steam-ship *Saratoga*, from the ship-yard of Mr. John Roach, Chester, Pennsylvania, a fearful accident occurred. Five minutes before the launching of the vessel the foreman gave the order for the men under the ship to come out. They either did not hear, or decided to take the risk, as is often done, and about forty remained under the ship. Seven met with a horrible death. A chain which passed around the bow of the ship caught some of the upper blocks supporting the ways as the ship was entering the water. The blocks and workmen were caught up by the chain and crushed with irresistible force. Mr. Roach has launched forty vessels, and all have been set afloat without disaster except the *Saratoga*. Familiarity with danger makes many persons reckless, and rigid rules of safety should be enforced by general authority in all cases where individuals are inclined to expose themselves to danger recklessly.

The little parish church of Notre Dame d'Auteuil, built in the twelfth century, in what was once the outskirts of Paris, is about to be demolished. It has long been too small for the worshipers, and is also in a very dilapidated condition. The last Municipal Council of Paris voted $60,000 toward the erection of a new building and the purchase of a larger site. The director of public works for the city of Paris has, however, reckoned the necessary expenses at $180,000. The curé of Notre Dame d'Auteuil has proposed to contribute $80,000 of the required sum himself, while his parishioners have engaged to furnish $20,000. The present Municipal Council has accepted these handsome offers, and has resolved that the new church shall be forthwith erected. It has also voted an additional sum of $31,400 toward the object.

Every summer many poor children suffer severely from the effects of heat, overcrowding, bad diet, and neglect of sanitary rules. The "Summer Home" at Bath, Long Island, and the "Sick Children's Mission," both under the general charge of the Children's Aid Society, propose to do what is possible to relieve these sufferers during the coming season. The Home consists of a few buildings, with two or three acres of land, situated on the sea-shore, to which place about a hundred children are sent every week during the summer. The little creatures improve wonderfully in health during their week's visit. The "Sick Children's Mission" is for the relief of such poor children as can not leave the city, physicians and nourishing food being supplied to them.

A good story is told by Mr. Charles Mackay of Mr. Seward, who, when in England, went with him to the Crystal Palace. Mr. Seward lighted a cigar and proceeded to smoke with great enjoyment, when a policeman, meeting the pair, said, in a tone of authority, "Sir, it's against the rules to smoke in these grounds. Put out your cigar or leave the place." "Sir," Mr. Seward rejoined, with equal dignity, "it is against the rules for me to give you half a crown. Take it, and put it in your pocket, and leave my presence." The man looked round for fear of listeners, took the half crown, smiled pleasantly, and discreetly turned away in the opposite direction.

Bananas have been successfully cultivated in the open air at Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, and other places on the southern coast of California. Until recently it was supposed that oranges could not be raised in California as far north as San Francisco. Now it is established that this fruit will do well in all the middle counties of the State, and extensive preparations are being made for the culture of oranges in many localities. It is believed that experience may show a similar condition of things in regard to the banana.

In Paris, under the name of *Œnokrine*, a test-paper is sold for the purpose of detecting frauds in the coloring of wines.

Not long ago a party of gentlemen gathered one evening around a table in the parlor of the St. Denis Hotel in this city. Upon the table, in a rose-wood box, was a telephone, with a mouth-piece at one end, and from the other end came a couple of wires, one being connected with a wire which passed over the Brooklyn Bridge, into the office of the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company. Professor Bell explained the telephone; and then "The Last Rose of Summer" was played on a cornet in Brooklyn for the benefit of the little company, and afterward "Hold the Fort" was sung. The gentlemen present were invited to try the instrument, and considerable conversation was carried on through it with the Brooklyn operator, much to the satisfaction of all.

The "heated term" which fell upon us about the middle of May, driving the mercury above 90°, sent crowds of seekers for cool air to the much-frequented beach of Coney Island. No one questions the beauty of the Coney Island beach, and every year the facilities for reaching it are improved. One may go by boat direct, which would be the pleasantest way, except for the inevitable crowd on board; or by boat to Bay Ridge, and thence by cars; or by horse-cars or steam-cars from Brooklyn. There is now a fine carriage drive from Brooklyn to the Ocean Concourse which has been constructed on Coney Island beach. If the objectionable features which are so distasteful to quiet, refined persons could be banished, Coney Island would be a most delightful breathing-place amid the oppressive heat of summer. Or if the whole beach—several miles in length—was more easily accessible from the terminus of each route, so that rowdyism could be avoided by those who prefer contact with the opposite style of manners, many would rejoice. There has been an improvement in the character of the place within a few seasons, and there is room for more. Considerable transformation in the general aspect of things is predicted during the coming season.

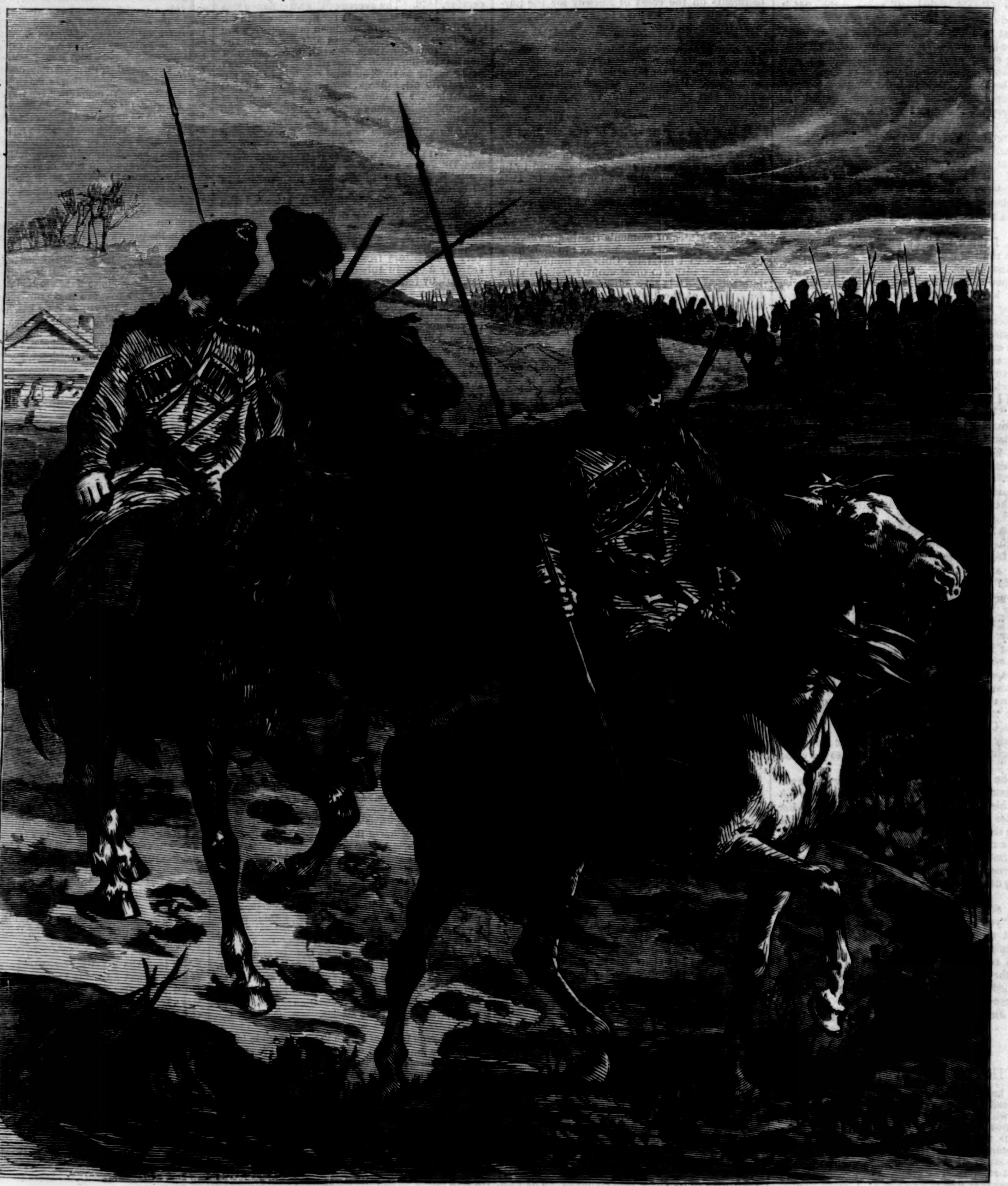
THE COSSACKS.

On this and on the following page we give two graphic sketches of the Cossack cavalry as they appear in the region of the Roumanian Danube, whither the Russians have recently pushed their forces. The Cossacks are to Russia what the Uhlans are to Germany, their very name indicating, in the Tartar dialect, “light mounted warriors,” and they seem to be employed indiscriminately for all kinds of work. They were the first to enter Roumania. They ride about alone with dispatches, and they escort suspected travellers from place to place, keeping strict watch lest the object of their attentions should suddenly turn into a spy. What the fighting value of the Cossacks may be has yet to be determined; but so useful do they prove in other ways that they do the Czar good service even though they may be wanting in the order and discipline necessary to make good soldiers. Among other tasks to which they are set is that of keeping guard over the ships at the Galatz quay to prevent their attempting to depart. In this position the Cossack is seen to advantage, and his general appearance and behavior are described by a lively newspaper correspondent as follows: “Dismounting and shackling his pony by a hobble on each fore-leg, connected by a leather strap with another hobble around the left hind-leg above the hock, the Cossack takes up a position on the extreme edge of the jetty; with his lance pointed in the direction of the ship, as if he would transfix it should it attempt to escape, and there he stands, self-contained, affable, alert, and with a general aspect conveying the idea that he is patronizing that section of Christendom within his purview. He will accept a cigarette, and tender you a light from his in the friendliest manner, but you will never coax him to take his eye for a single minute off the ship which he has in custody.”

The appearance of the Cossacks on parade is exceedingly effective, owing to their peculiar uniform. The upper garment consists of the Circassian tunic, or tchekmen, fastened down the breast with frogs, with cartridge-cases on the right and left. Beneath this comes the bechmet—a kind of long waistcoat reaching down below the tunic, and which is of silk when the Cossack is in full dress. The pantaloons are of the same color as the coat, and the legs are tucked into long boots which reach up to and sometimes above the knee. The head-dress is the papakka—a cap in shape somewhat similar to the busby worn in the English army, but made of sheep-skin. The several regiments are distinguished from one another by the color of the bechmet and shoulder-straps, the top of the papakka and the covers of the cartridge-cases being also of the same hue. Thus the regiments of Cossacks of the Kouban wear a black tchekmen, with a red bechmet, red cartridge-cases, and a red top to the papakka, while in the Terek Cossack corps all these accessories are blue. To protect him from the rain the Cossack carries a large mantle, called a bourka, made of a peculiar kind of cloth manufactured in the mountains, which is said to be light, warm, impervious to moisture, and everlasting in wear. By night this bourka, which possesses also the invaluable property of driving away all insects and vermin, serves as a bed, and when not in use is rolled up and strapped on behind the saddle. The bocklik—a cap made of the same kind of cloth—is the complement of the bourka, and is provided with two long tails, which, when it rains, the Cossack twists round his neck. In bivouac, also, the bocklik is worn as a night-cap.

The arms carried by the Cossacks are the “schochka,” or long mountain sword, with no guard to the hilt, and which is worn *en bandoulière*, suspended by a thin leather strap. To this is added the kindjal, or short dagger, two pistols stuck into a waist-belt, and a Berdan rifle, similar to that carried by the dragoons of the regular army, but without a bayonet. The horse furniture consists of a light saddle, somewhat resembling in appearance the Arabian pattern, but without the high wooden cant peculiar to this latter. The frame-work is covered with a skin of soft and exceedingly supple leather; the two girths are broad but thin leather bands, each about nine inches in width, and are attached to the saddle at a considerable interval apart. A thick woolen rug is placed below the saddle, while, finally, a leather cushion, stuffed with horse-hair, secured on the top of the saddle by a third girth similar to the two already described, forms the seat of the rider. The bridle has only a single rein, the horse moving generally with his head down and his neck stretched out. The horses themselves are small; usually about fourteen hands in height, but they are well proportioned, robust, and able to get through much hard work without exhausting their strength.

As regards territorial possessions, the Cossacks are separated into what are called the eastern and western divisions. The latter occupy large tracts of land in the region of the Dnieper, and are called the Zaporogians. The eastern division, however, was greatly strengthened by transplantations from the western under Catherine II., and forms now the great bulk of the Cossacks. Their chief province is the vast steppes west of the Don, from which river the name of Don Cossack is derived. In early times the different divisions of the Cossacks were independent military communities allied to Russia, and doing that power valuable service. The best means of protecting the southern frontier was to have as allies a large body of men leading the same kind of life, and capable of carrying on the same kind of warfare, as the nomadic marauders, and such a body of men were the free Cossacks. The sentiment of self-preservation and the desire for booty kept them constantly on the alert. By sending out small parties in all directions, by kidnapping and torturing straggling Tartars with a view to extracting information from them, by keeping spies in the enemy's territory, and by similar devices, they were generally apprised beforehand of any intended incursion. When danger threatened, the ordi-

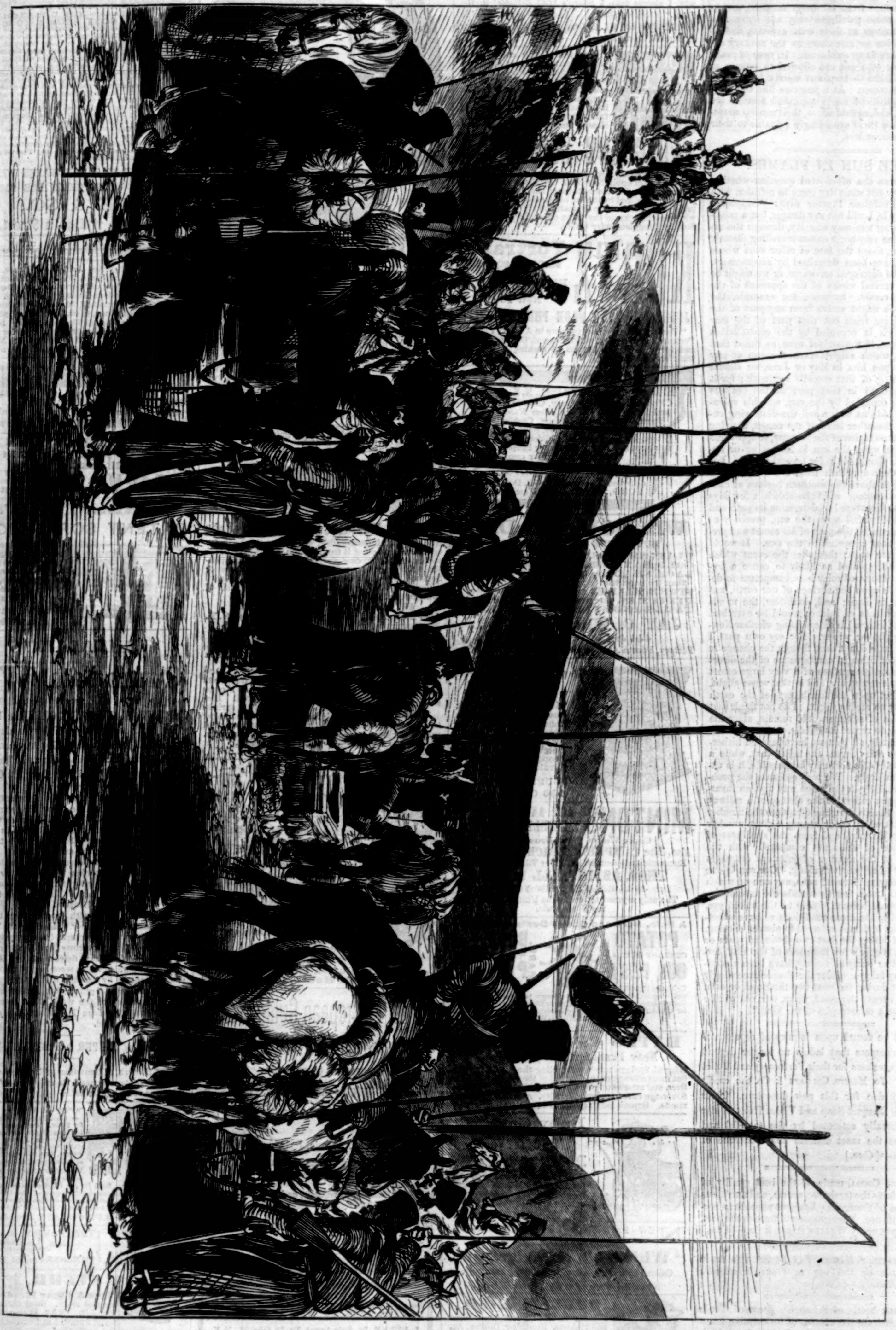


A RUSSIAN OUTPOST OF THE ADVANCED GUARD IN ROUMANIA.

nary precautions were redoubled. Day and night patrols kept watch at the points where the enemy was expected, and as soon as sure signs of his approach were discovered, a pile of tarred barrels, prepared for the purpose, was fired to give alarm. Rapidly the signal was repeated at one point of observation after another, and by this primitive system of telegraphy in the course of a few hours the whole district was up in arms. Thus many a nameless battle was fought on the trackless steppes, and many brave men fell, leaving no record of their death.

But notwithstanding these valuable services, the Cossack communities were a constant source of diplomatic difficulties and political dangers. As they paid very little attention to the orders of the Russian government, they supplied the Sultan with any number of *casus belli*, and were often ready to turn their arms against the power to which they professed allegiance. During troublous times, when the very existence of Russia as a nation was threatened by civil strife and foreign invasion, they would not hesitate to overrun the country, robbing, pillaging, and burning as they went. At a later period the Don Cossacks twice raised formidable insurrections—first, under **STENKA RAZIN**, in 1670, and secondly, under **PUGATCHÉF**, in 1773. Also, during the war between **PETER** the Great and **CHARLES XII.** of Sweden the Zaporogians took the side of the Swedish king.

The government naturally strove to put an end to this danger, and ultimately succeeded. All the Cossacks were deprived of their independence, but the fate of the various communities was different. Those of the Volga were transferred to the Terek, where they had abundant occupation in guarding the frontier against the incursions of the eastern Caucasian tribes. The Zaporogians held tenaciously to their Dnieper liberties until they were forcibly disbanded in the time of **CATHERINE II.** The majority of them fled to Turkey. The Cossacks of the Don have been allowed to remain in their old homes, but they have been deprived of their independence and self-government, and their social organization has been completely changed. The boisterous popular assemblies which formerly decided all public affairs have been abolished, and the custom of choosing the Atamán, or chief, and other officers, by popular election has been replaced by a system of regular promotion, according to rules elaborated in St. Petersburg. This change has destroyed the social



COSSACKS ON THE ROAD FROM GALATZ TO BARBOSCHI.

equality which was formerly a distinctive feature of these communities. The officers and their families now compose a kind of hereditary aristocracy, which has succeeded in appropriating, by means of imperial grants, a large portion of the land which was formerly common property. The common Cossacks are now simply a species of mounted militia. They possess a large amount of fertile land, and are exempt from all direct taxation, and in return for these privileges they are obliged to equip themselves at their own expense, and to serve at home or elsewhere as the military authorities think fit to command. In time of peace the majority of them are allowed to remain at home, and have to turn out merely for a short period in summer. At a juncture like the present the requisitions made upon their services are very heavy, and, as said above, their general adaptability makes them exceedingly valuable to their Russian commanders.

THE SUN IN FLAMES.

Concerning the oft-mooted question whether the sun may not some day come in collision with a comet, Professor Proctor says: "Supposing there really is, I will not say danger, but a possibility, that our sun may one day, through the arrival of some very large comet travelling directly toward him, share the fate of other suns whose outbursts have been described by astronomers, we might be destroyed unawares, or we might be aware for several weeks of the approach of the destroying comet. Suppose, for example, the comet, which might arrive from any part of the heavens, came from out that part of the star depths which is occupied by the constellation Taurus; then, if the arrival were so timed that the comet, which might reach the sun at any time, fell upon him in May or June, we should know nothing of that comet's approach; for it would approach in that part of the heavens which was occupied by the sun, and his splendor would hide as with a veil the destroying enemy. On the other hand, if the comet, arriving from the same region of the heavens, so approached as to fall upon the sun in November or December, we should see it for several weeks. For it would then approach from the part of the heavens high above the southern horizon at midnight. Astronomers would be able in a few days after it was discovered to determine its path and predict its downfall upon the sun, precisely as Newton calculated the path of *his* comet and predicted its near approach to the sun. It would be known for weeks then that the event which Newton contemplated as likely to cause a tremendous outburst of solar heat, competent to destroy all life upon the surface of our earth, was about to take place; and, doubtless, the minds of many students of science would be exercised during that interval in determining whether Newton was right or wrong. For my own part, I have very little doubt that, though the change in the sun's condition in consequence of the direct downfall upon his surface of a very large comet would be but temporary, and in that sense slight, yet the effect upon the inhabitants of the earth would be by no means slight. I do not think that any students of science would remain, after the catastrophe, to record its effects.

"Fortunately, all that we have learned hitherto from the stars favors the belief that, while a catastrophe of this sort may be possible, it is exceedingly unlikely. We may estimate the probabilities precisely in the same way that an insurance company estimates the chance of a railway accident. Such a company considers the number of accidents which occur among a given number of railway journeys, and from the smallness of the number of accidents compared with the largeness of the number of journeys estimates the safety of railway travelling. Our sun is one among many millions of suns, any one of which (though all but a few thousands are actually invisible) would become visible to the naked eye, if exposed to the same conditions as have affected the suns in flames referred to above. Seeing, then, that during the last two thousand years or thereabouts only a few instances of the kind, certainly not so many as twenty, have been recorded, we may fairly consider the chance exceedingly small that during the next two thousand, or even the next twenty thousand, years, our sun will be exposed to a catastrophe of the kind."

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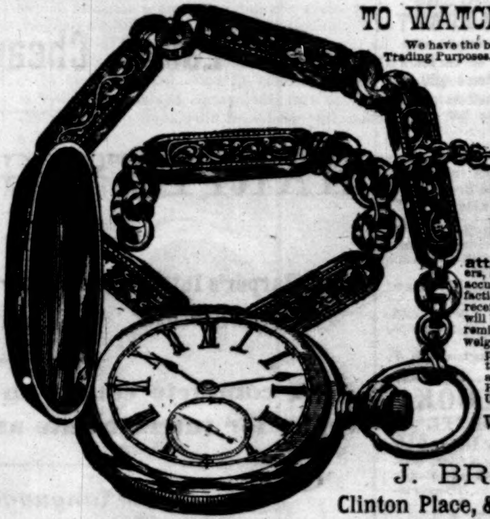

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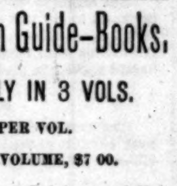

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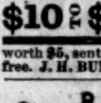

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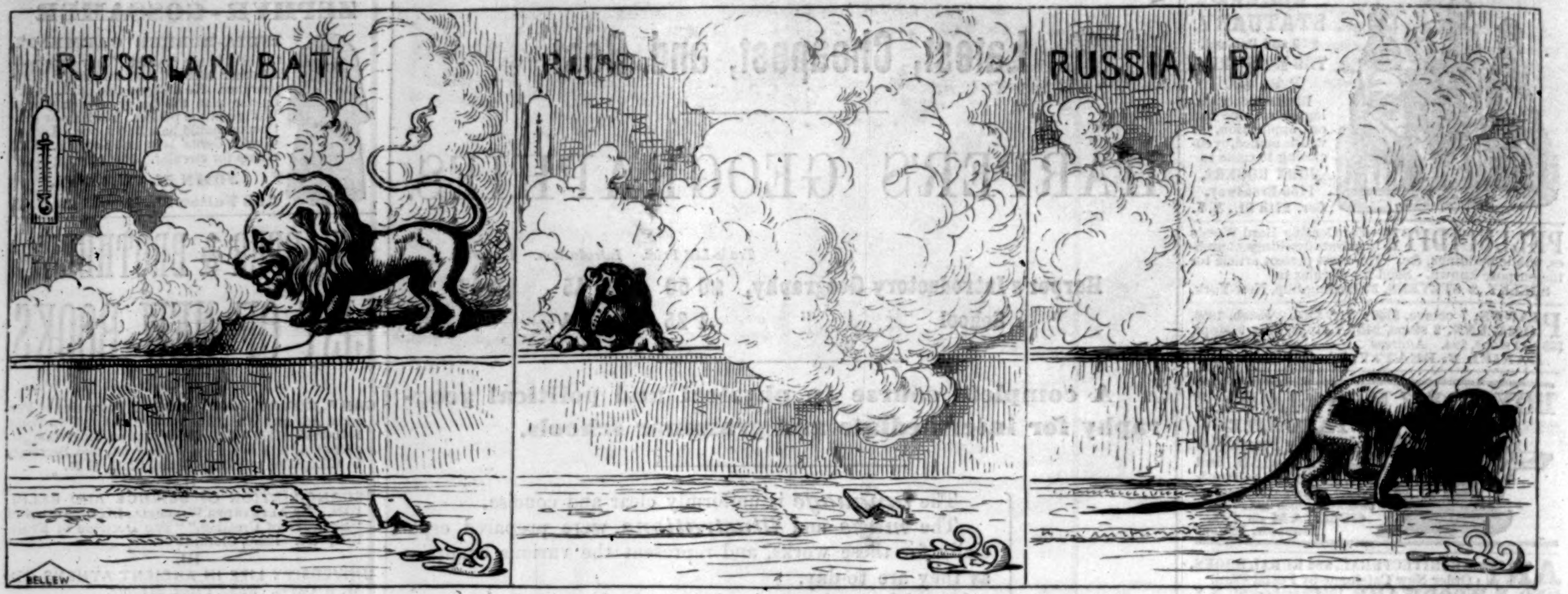

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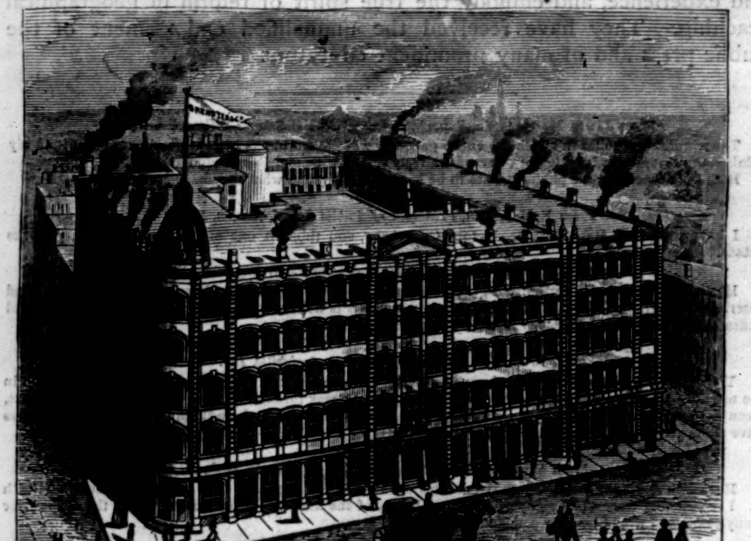

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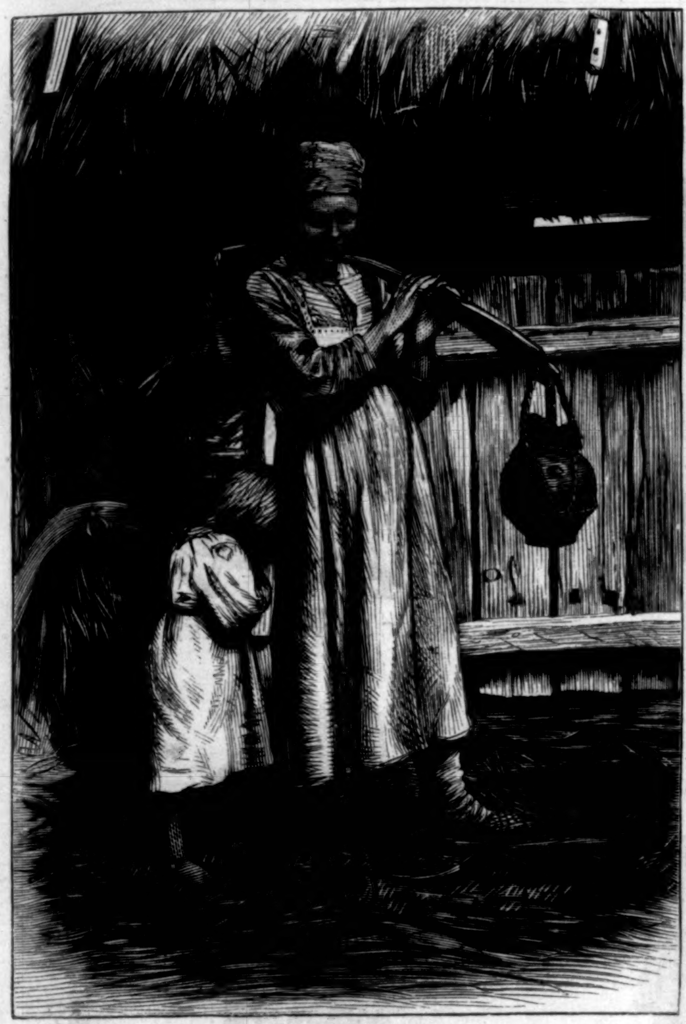
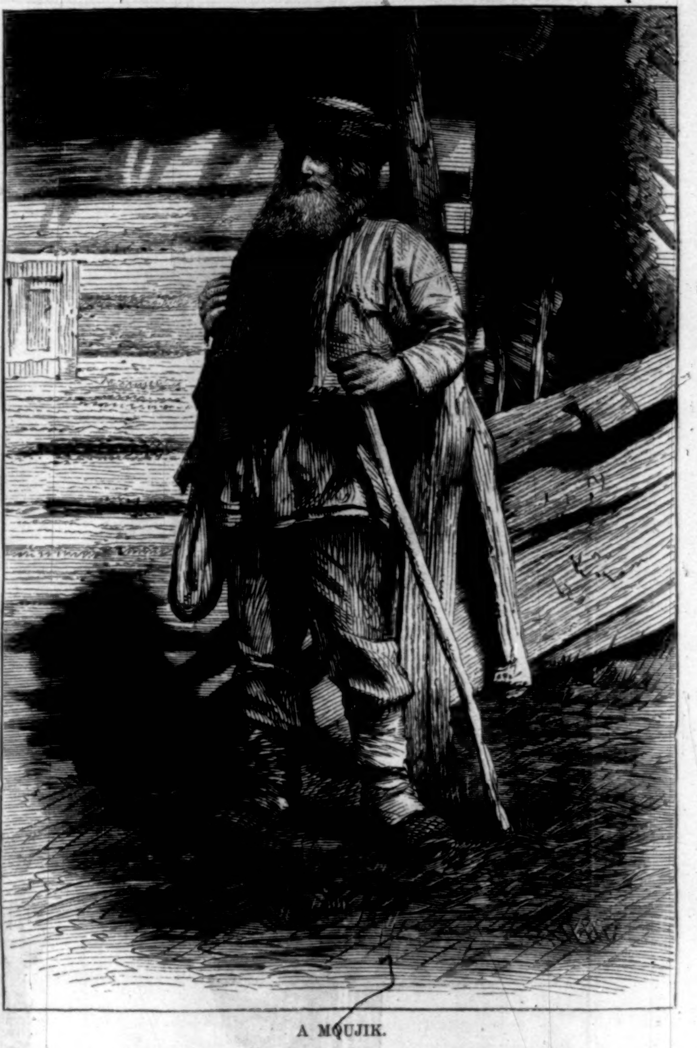


WOMAN AND CHILD.



A MOUJIK.

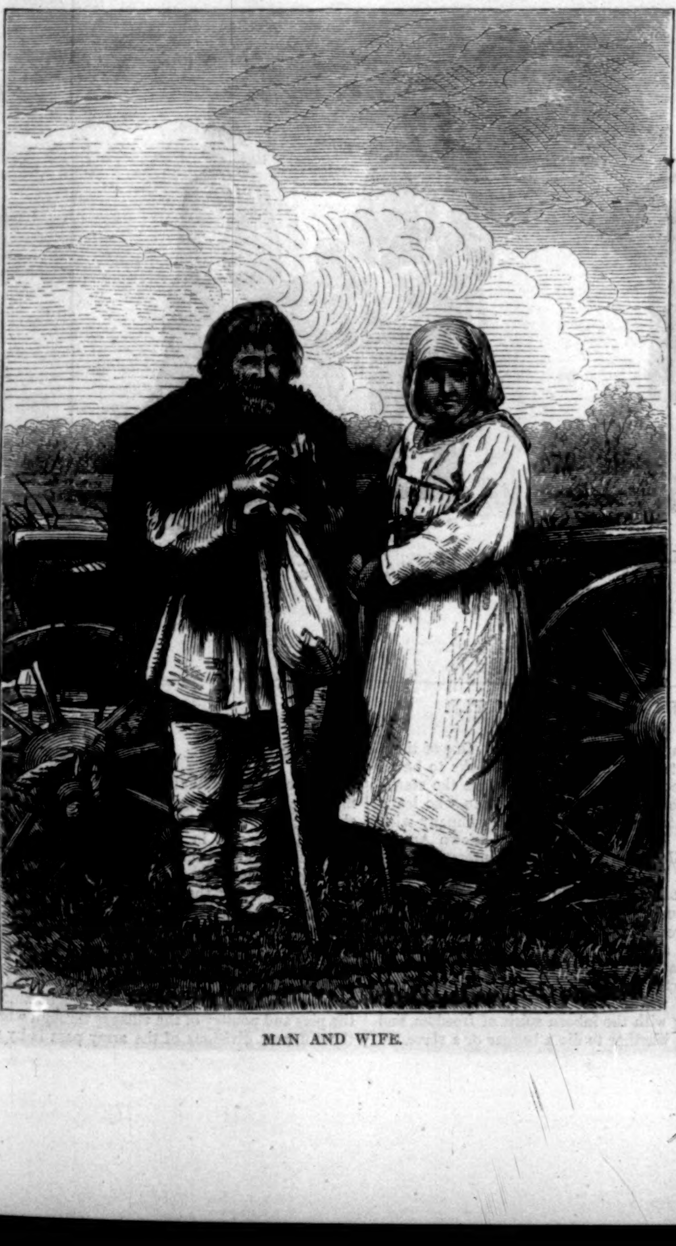
RUSSIAN PEASANTS.

PREVIOUS to the emancipation of the serfs in Russia the peasantry of that country occupied a peculiar position. Unlike the slave system as it was formerly in the United States, the serf could not be sold, except with the estate to which he belonged. They might change masters, but could not be torn from their connections or birth-place. One-sixth of the whole peasantry of Russia, amounting to six or seven millions, belonged to the crown. They inhabited the imperial demesne and paid an annual tax. In particular districts many were enfranchised and became burghers and merchants. The rest of the serfs belonged to the nobles, and were the absolute property, and subject to the control, of their masters as much as the cattle on their estates. Some of the seigneurs possessed from seventy to more than a hundred thousand serfs, and their wealth depended upon the successful management of these small armies of laborers. It was occasionally the custom to send the more intelligent of these workmen to St. Petersburg or Moscow to learn some handicraft, and then employ them on the estate. In other cases these skilled laborers would be allowed to exercise their own trade on their own account in consideration of an annual sum paid to their masters. It was not unusual for a master to give a serf a passport under which he was protected in any part of Russia. Through this passport he was enabled to settle in any city and engage in any trade. Thus it occasionally happened that, under such circumstances, an intelligent serf would accumulate a sum sufficient to ransom himself and his family.

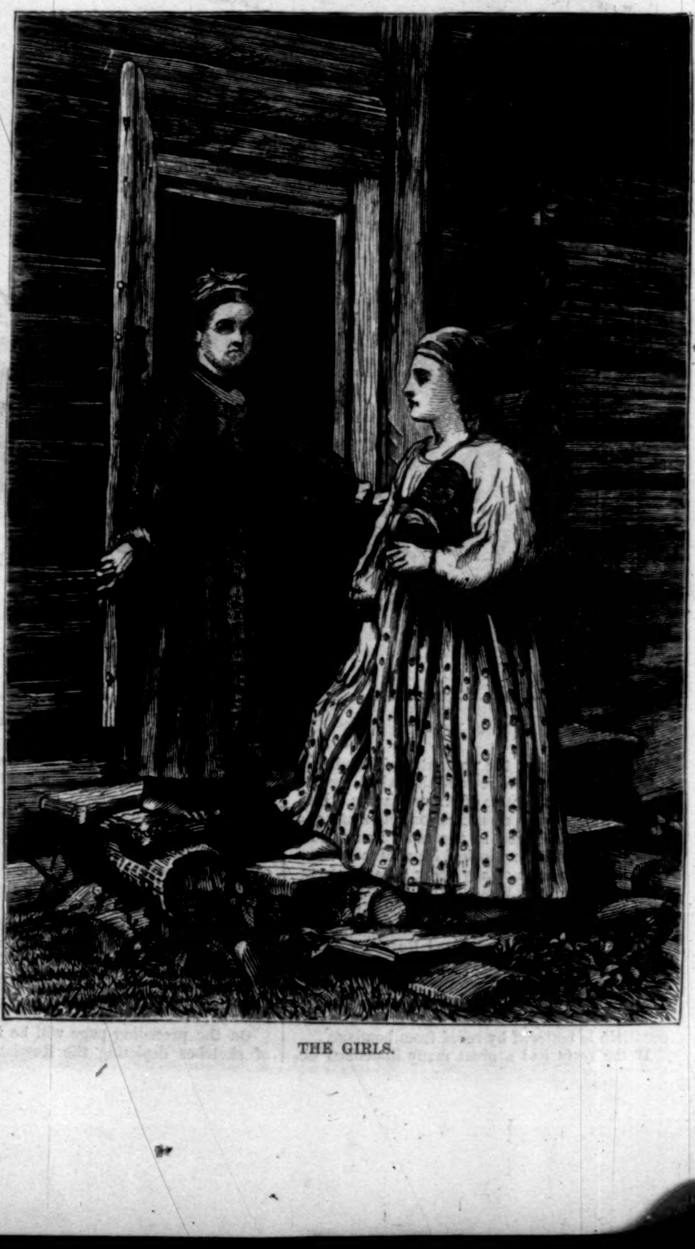
The Russian serf was obliged to work for his master but three days in the week. The other three he might work for himself on a portion of land assigned to him by law on his master's estate. He was never obliged to work on a Sunday, and every saint's day or *fête* day of the Church was allowed him for a holiday. This might be supposed to have given him an opportunity of elevating his character and condition. But such was not the case. Whether the necessary intelligence was wanting, or whether the condition of bondage crushed all spirit of enterprise, in most cases the serf labored grudgingly for his master, or else earned barely enough to supply himself and his family with the rudest necessaries of life and pay his annual tax. A few rose above their condition, but millions labored like beasts of burden, content with bread to put in their mouths, and never thinking of freedom.

It was from this great body of enslaved men that Russia formerly recruited her immense army, or, in case of an invasion, raised in a moment a vast body of soldiers. Every person in the empire entitled to hold land was known to the government, as well as the number of peasants upon his estate. Upon receiving an imperial order to that effect the numbers required by levy were marched forthwith to the appointed spot. It might be supposed that men treated in this manner would have made bad soldiers. They owned no rod of land in the whole country; they lived under a yoke, and had not a single incentive to patriotism. Even the rocks, rivers, and mountains, that at least inspire local attachments, were wanting; their only surrounding in the way of landscape being immense level plains interrupted by wolf-haunted forests.

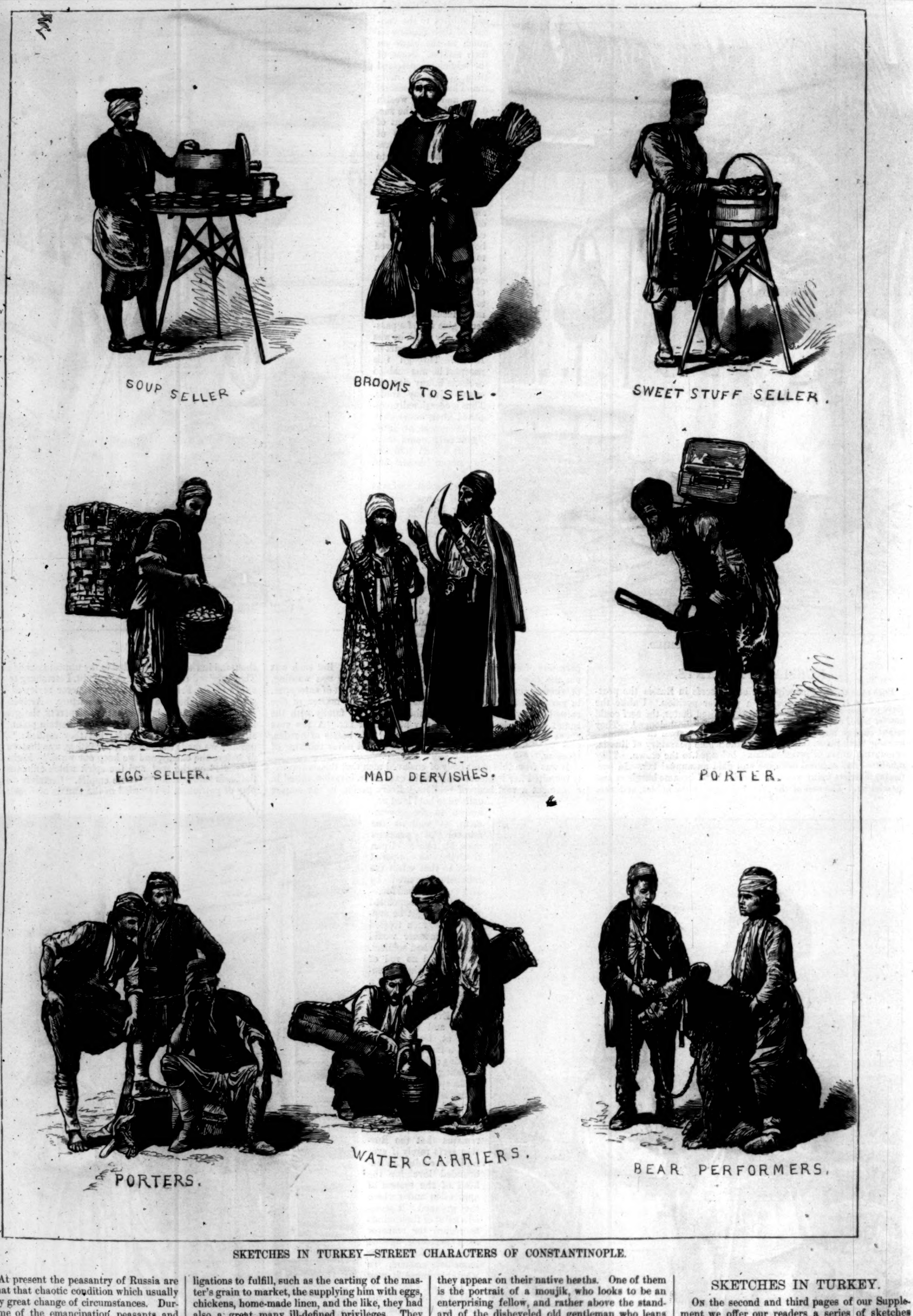
Nevertheless, the fact remains that the Russian serfs rarely if ever failed to exhibit an unbounded love for the head of the system of oppression under which they groaned. It seemed a habit of their minds to regard the emperor as a protector against the oppression of their immediate masters. To whatever cause it may be ascribed, whether inability to estimate the value of any change in their condition, or a feeling of actual love for the soil upon which they were born, all history agrees that during the invasion of NAPOLEON the serfs of Russia presented a noble spectacle. The sentiment of the whole country was aroused, and the spirit of devotion which animated the corps of ten thousand in the north extended to the utmost bounds of the empire. They received orders to march from St. Petersburg to meet the advance of the French army. The emperor reviewed them, and is said to have shed tears at their departure. Arrived at the place appointed, the story is told that WITGENSTEIN, the general in command, thought it wise to fall back to a certain point. The proposition was made to the serfs; but they replied: "No; the last promise we made the emperor, our father, was that we would never fly before the enemy, and we keep our word." Eight thousand of them died on the spot, and the spirit which animated them fired the serfs throughout the whole empire. Certainly no greater display of patriotism is recorded in the annals of Greek and Roman



MAN AND WIFE.



THE GIRLS.


SOUP SELLER
BROOMS TO SELL.
SWEET STUFF SELLER.
EGG SELLER.
MAD DERVISHES.
PORTER.
PORTERS.
WATER CARRIERS.
BEAR PERFORMERS.

SKETCHES IN TURKEY—STREET CHARACTERS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

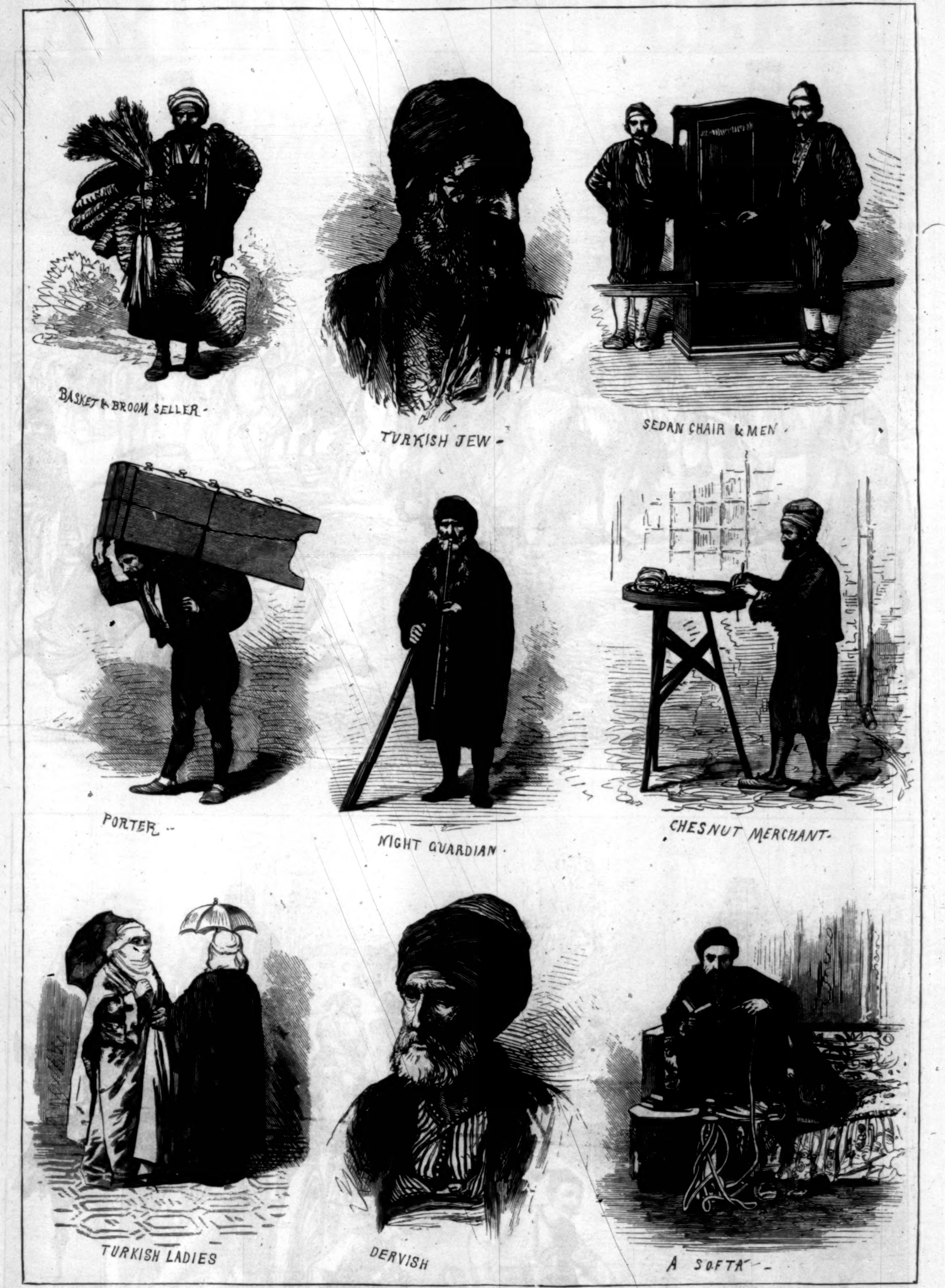
history. At present the peasantry of Russia are in somewhat that chaotic condition which usually follows any great change of circumstances. During the time of the emancipation, peasants and masters both indulged in the most immoderate expectations. The serf looked forward to freedom with the enthusiasm of any being capable of reason, and the masters thought that Russia had entered upon a new era of progress. Unhappily these expectations have not been realized, and the great majority of educated Russians are at present suffering from the effect of shattered delusions. Apparently the peasant has not improved under the influences of freedom, and observers are greatly puzzled to discover how far his condition is bettered by relief from bondage.

If the serfs had a great many ill-defined obligations to fulfill, such as the carting of the master's grain to market, the supplying him with eggs, chickens, home-made linen, and the like, they had also a great many ill-defined privileges. They grazed their cattle during a part of the year on the manor land; they received fire-wood, and occasionally logs for repairing their huts. Sometimes the proprietor lent or gave them a horse or cow when they had been visited by the cattle plague or the horse stealer, and in times of famine they could look to their master for support. All this has now come to an end. Their burdens and their privileges have been swept away together, and been replaced by clearly defined, unbending, unelastic legal relations.

On the preceding page will be found a series of sketches depicting the Russian peasants as they appear on their native heaths. One of them is the portrait of a moujik, who looks to be an enterprising fellow, and rather above the standard of the disheveled old gentleman who leans disconsolately against his cart in company with his wife. Mr. Stephens, the well-known American traveller, who wrote a very interesting volume upon Russia in the days of serfdom, tells a story of one of these moujiks who acquired a large fortune at Moscow. He still remained a slave, however, and his master's price for his freedom had advanced so much with his growing wealth that the poor serf, unable to bring himself to part with his hard earnings, still lived on, rolling in wealth, with a collar round his neck, struggling with the inborn spirit of freedom, and hesitating whether to die a beggar or a slave.

SKETCHES IN TURKEY.

On the second and third pages of our Supplement we offer our readers a series of sketches showing the varied and peculiar types of humanity to be met in Constantinople and other cities of Turkey. On the fourth page the engravings assume a more warlike character. The usual placidity of the half-torpid Moslem is exchanged for the interest and excitement that never fail to exhibit themselves among all races when there is a prospect of a fight. As a general thing, Turks of all classes prefer a smoke to any thing in the way of food or drink; but war sharpens the appetite, and the havoc wrought among the pigs and poultry of the villages through which the different divisions of the army pass is by no



SKETCHES IN TURKEY—STREET CHARACTERS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

means exaggerated in the picture. As in our own cities, the streets of Constantinople are filled with peddlers and small merchants, whose stock in trade consists of soup, eggs, chestnuts, cakes, and other such luxuries. Some go howling through the city and its suburbs, inviting patrons by most mendacious descriptions of their wares, while others, less inclined to exertion, establish themselves upon street corners, content with such custom as comes in their way. The porter, or "hammal," of Constantinople, is a species of animal peculiar to that city—a sort of camel with two legs and no hump. He lives chiefly on cucumbers and water, and carries the most enormous weights ever lifted by a human being. The "hammal" wears upon his shoulders a stuffed leather cushion, on which he places his burden, stooping greatly beneath the weight, and bearing the strain on the neck like an ox. His dress usually consists of loose linen trousers, a coarse yellow jacket, and a fez, about which is wound a handkerchief. Their chests and bodies are generally well developed, but their legs are often very slender. In watching their manœuvres the traveller is frequently amazed to see legs which look like two flutes clad in russet leather sustaining a weight beneath which a Hercules might not be ashamed to bend.

As seen in the street, Turkish ladies are far from attractive objects, and, unfortunately, the street is the only place where the eye of the Giaour, or infidel, is permitted to fall upon them. Therefore they are protected by two loose garments of voluminous extent, called the feredjé and yachmach. The feredjé, however, can be made to display the figure as well as to conceal it: thus, in spite of the fact that the Turkish dame when taking a promenade usually has the appearance of a huge walking bundle, there are a few more coquettish spirits who contrive to make themselves very attractive to the gaze of the Frank.

The mad dervishes of Constantinople are a study in themselves. Seen in the streets, they appear like other mortals, but in the performance of their peculiar ceremonials and religious ecstasies they certainly resemble nothing so much as a party of raving maniacs. These men are a kind of Mohammedan monks, who live a community life in monasteries called *tekkés*. The word "dervish" signifies "poor," but this does not prevent these communities from possessing great wealth, derived from the legacies and gifts of the faithful. The hall of the dervishes at Scutari, across the Golden Horn from Constantinople, is a curious building, in shape a parallelogram, and devoid of all architectural character. Upon the bare walls of the building are suspended enormous tambourines, and tablets inscribed with verses of the Koran. In addition to these are a number of murderous instruments, such as darts, spikes, pincers, and many varieties of arms and instruments of the most barbarous appearance and incomprehensible character. It is with these atrocious instruments that the mad dervishes scourge and wound themselves when they attain the climax of delirium, and when howls and shrieks are alone adequate to the expression of their religious frenzy.